

A NECESSITY IS SOMETHING YOU CAN GO WITHOUT IN ORDER TO MAKE A DOWN PAYMENT ON A LUXURY.—Mont real Star

The BETHEL OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN

THE BETHEL NEWS, 1895

THE RUMFORD CITIZEN, 1906

Volume XLIV—Number 44

BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1938

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NEW SERVICE STATION UNDER WAY

Work was begun last week in clearing ground at the corner of Vernon and Main Streets for the construction of a service station. The new enterprise is the property of Richard Young. The building site is part of the Foster property which was recently purchased by Mrs. Tena Thurston, from whom Mr. Young has purchased the corner lot.

This station will be built in latest design, with concrete foundation and floors, and walls of impregnated celotex. Its equipment will be modern throughout, and Shell products will be sold. It is expected that the building will be completed by December 1.

The contractor is Philip Wight of Norway, and the foreman of construction is Guy Patterson, formerly of Bethel.

WEST BETHEL GIRLS REORGANIZE

On Saturday afternoon, Oct. 29, the Pleasant Valley 4-H Club of West Bethel held their reorganization meeting at the home of their leader, Mrs. Mary Abbott. The officers were elected as follows: President, Marilyn Abbott; Vice-President, Arlene Davis; Club Reporter, Kathleen Killings; Secretary, Gertrude Waterman; Treasurer, Barbara MacKenzie; and Color Bearer, Phyllis Morrill.

Mrs. Abbott has 12 members enrolled in her club. Nov. 12 is the date of the next meeting at Mrs. Abbott's home.

OCTOBER MOTOR DEATHS SHOW DECREASE

After four consecutive months that did not carry the good tidings of decreases in automobile fatalities, the Highway Safety Division of the Maine State Police is very happy to acknowledge the fact that the month of October brought with it a decided decrease in auto killings in the State of Maine. During October of last year 26 lives were taken by the "grim reaper" whereas only 21 were killed during a similar period this year. This shows a saving of five lives during the most dangerous period of the year. Who these five people are is not known,—one of them might be even you, who are reading this paper today. So far this year there has been one less fatality involving automobiles.

The analysis of motor accidents by counties show that nine out of the 16 counties show decreases in the fatality statistics with one county remaining the same, as compared to a like period last year. Knox county listed its first fatality of the year, having a most remarkable and perfect record up to this time.

The pedestrian was listed as contributing more fatalities than any of the other apparent causes, having 14 listed. "Under the Influence" also did much to hurt Maine's record as three of the 21 deaths were apparently caused by people who were under the influence of liquor. Sixty-one per cent of all highway deaths during this time happened in rural areas where speed, liquor and the person on foot played an exceptionally important part in creating these tragedies.

During the months of November and December driving conditions will change entirely. Fog, frost, snow and ice will confront motorists in this section and in order to overcome these obstacles placed in the pathway of safe operation, drivers of vehicles must be extremely careful and adjust their manner of driving to the existing conditions. Speed will necessarily have to be curbed, and automobile equipment kept up to the standards required by law. Operators can avoid highway tragedies by strictly adhering to these principles of safe driving during this particular period.

PROCLAMATION BY THE GOVERNOR

Armistice Day and Veterans Week

Whereas, November 11, 1938 will mark the twentieth anniversary since the signing of the Armistice in the World War, and

Whereas, through the efforts of the ex-service men of America, the flag remains honored and unstained in a world yet distracted with dissensions, and

Whereas, it has been demonstrated that the example set by their performance is yet a powerful deterrent in the prevention of wars, and

Whereas, Armistice Day gives the American people an appropriate opportunity to pay due homage to the memory of the nation's heroic World War dead, and

Whereas, the fitting observance of the twentieth anniversary of the signing of the Armistice in the World War will serve to make all humanity more deeply conscious of the sacrifices the people of all nations have been forced to make in the struggle for world peace in the past, and

Whereas, by enactment of Public Law No. 510, the 75th Congress of the United States has designated the eleventh day of November in each year a legal holiday,

Now therefore, I, Lewis O. Barrows, Governor of the State of Maine, do hereby proclaim ARMISTICE DAY, November 11, 1938, as a legal public holiday in the State of Maine, and I hereby designate the week of November 4-11, 1938, as AMERICAN LEGION WEEK, the week of November 11-18, 1938, as VETERANS WEEK, with the recommendation that they be appropriately observed and celebrated in every community with patriotic programs under the sponsorship of all organized veteran associations.

Given at the office of the Governor at Augusta and sealed with the Great Seal of the State of Maine this first day of November in the (Seal) year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-eight and in the one hundred and sixty-third year of the Independence of the United States of America.

Signed LEWIS O. BARROWS Governor

By the Governor: (Signed) FREDERICK ROBIE Secretary of State

LITTLEHALE—BENNETT

Miss Marjorie Bennett and Carl Littlehale of Wilson's Mills were united in marriage by Rev. Herbert T. Wallace at the Congregational Manse Saturday evening, Oct. 29. The double ring service was used. They were attended by Miss Phyllis Turner of Wentworth Location and Ellis Olson of Wilson's Mills. Mrs. Littlehale is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bennett of Wilson's Mills and is employed as bookkeeper for her father, who is State Road Supervisor. Mr. Littlehale, who is the son of Mrs. Ellen Littlehale of this town, is a guide at Farmachenee.

Work on Bethel's third class road for this year was finished Wednesday. About 2000 feet of road has been built, continuing the work from L. V. Bartlett's toward Middle Intervale. The crew will now work on the road between the residence of Clyde Whitman and the Mason town line. Here \$757.62 has been allotted by the State for the maintenance of unimproved roads, this sum to be used in conjunction with WPA labor.

WHIST PARTY

West Bethel Grange Hall MON., NOV. 7, 8 p. m. Homemade Ice Cream and Cake PRIZES ADMISSION 25c

BETHEL AND VICINITY

TWENTY-SIX NATURALIZED WEDNESDAY

The November term of Superior Court convened Tuesday morning at South Paris, Justice Edward P. Murray of Bangor presiding. After instruction by the court the grand jury retired to their room where Fred Ela of Fryeburg was chosen foreman and Mrs. Muriel MacDonald of Mexico, clerk. In a partial report at 3:45 that afternoon two secret indictments were returned. Several divorce cases were heard Tuesday.

On Wednesday 26 men and women were admitted to citizenship. They were:

James D. McKenna, Rumford, native of Canada.

Otto E. Paakkonen, Norway, native of Finland.

Luke D. Chaisson, West Peru, native of Canada.

Albert J. McBean, Rumford, native of Canada.

Eino J. Tamminen, Greenwood, native of Finland. Right to change name to Toivo R. Maki granted.

Toivo R. Kesamaki, West Paris, native of Finland.

Jesus V. Moya, Fryeburg, native of Cuba. Right to change name to Joseph Valladares granted.

Mark Niskanen, Paris, native of Finland. Name changed to Math Mattson.

George M. Bachelder, Rumford, native of Canada.

Napoleon A. Paul Arsenault, Mexico, native of Canada.

Gerhard Fries, Dixfield, native of Germany.

Albert Fortier, Rumford, native of Canada.

Anthony S. Perry, Rumford, native of Canada.

Frank Bernard, Mexico, native of Canada.

Pierre Gallant, Rumford, native of Canada.

Joseph E. Arsenault, Rumford, native of Canada.

Dennis E. McKenna, Rumford, native of Canada.

Stanley Buotte, Rumford, native of Canada.

Marie Rose Brodeur, Rumford, native of Canada.

William Blanchard, Rumford, native of Canada.

Mary Alice E. Bouffard, Rumford, native of Canada.

Joseph M. Albert, Rumford, native of Canada.

Joseph E. Polier, Rumford, native of Canada.

Patrick J. Goodwin, Rumford, native of Canada.

Cyrus A. Arsenault, Mexico, native of Canada.

Jaeh Chaisson, Rumford, native of Canada.

The traverse jury is to report for duty this Thursday morning.

GIRL SCOUTS

At the meeting of the Girl Scouts at the Odd Fellows building Friday afternoon the troop was divided into two age groups. Two separate troops will be organized with a leader for each. The older girls elected officers at this meeting and made plans; the younger group will organize later. Officers chosen were: patrol leader, Virginia Davis; patrol second, Helen Gillis; secretary, Lucia Packard; treasurer, Kathryn Davis; color bearers, Gretchen Brooks and Herbertina Norton; color guards, Muriel Bean and Agnes Garroway. The troop was named Pine Tree and dues were fixed at five cents a meeting.

FROM TRAP

LARRY DUEBECK OF GRAY, APPEARING BEFORE TRIAL JUSTICE ELMER C. ALLEN TUESDAY AFTERNOON, PLEADED GUILTY TO THE CHARGE OF LARCENY OF A BEAR FROM A TRAP AND WAS FINED \$10 AND COSTS AMOUNTING TO \$34.30. ON PAYMENT OF COSTS THE FINE WAS SUSPENDED. THE COURT SET A VALUE OF \$45 ON THE ANIMAL, WHICH DUEBECK WAS ORDERED TO PAY THE OWNER OF THE TRAP, CLIFTON JACKSON OF NORTH BETHEL.

The alleged offense was committed in the Sunday River section of Newry. Duerbeck was arrested by Deputy Sheriff F. A. Hunt of Bethel. State's witnesses were Game Wardens B. L. Brown, Guy L. Caldwell, Lee M. Wilson, and O. M. Conant.

OXFORD COUNTY POMONA GRANGE

Oxford County Pomona Grange was held at North Waterford Tuesday. All officers were present. Three candidates were initiated in the fifth degree. After dinner was served there was an open meeting. A large attendance was present. Quimby Perham of Bryant Pond was the first speaker who offered a few remarks. Ellis Davis, Grange Deputy, gave a short talk on the conditions of granges he had visited. A harmonica solo was rendered by Mrs. Albert Felt accompanied on the piano by Mrs. Frank Davis, both of Bryant Pond. Pauline Shea of Old Town Indian Reservation spoke on the conditions of her people relative to the state and federal government.

BETHEL AND VICINITY

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Kilborn left Tuesday for Portland where they will spend some time at the Eastland Hotel.

David Brown of Belfast and Stanley Hamlin of Concord, N. H. were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Hamlin.

Mrs. I. M. Kenerson of West Bethel, Mrs. Henry Rugg and Chesley Rugg of Gardiner were calling on relatives in town Saturday.

The meeting of the Bethel Lions Club was held at Bethel Inn Tuesday evening with an attendance of 26 including one new member and two visitors. Philip Clark, manager of the minor league teams of the St. Louis Cardinals, was the speaker. Mr. Clark, who is a teacher at Gould Academy, spoke on "Minor League Baseball."

The Bethel Chamber of Commerce met Tuesday evening at the Legion Rooms. Supper was served by the American Legion Auxiliary preceding the business meeting. Major George C. Coe of Lovell spoke on "Some Aspects of Americanism," which was followed by an interesting period of discussion. The program committee for the next meeting is Gerard Williams Myron Bryant and H. C. Rowe.

GOULD TO PLAY BERLIN

On Saturday, Nov. 5th, Gould Academy will entertain as their opponents the Berlin, N. H. eleven. The Gould team will not be up to full strength with Parker Brown through for the season and Smith and Irving Cummings still on the injury list. The team, however, will be in there scrapping and will give a good account of themselves. The Bethel team is expecting one of the toughest games of the year and is preparing for just such an affair. Comparative scores indicate that, barring injuries or uncalled for breaks in the game, the contest should be a thriller. The 53-6 beating administered to Hallowell last week raised the hopes of the team after their two successive beatings. The game Saturday starts at 2 o'clock and is the final game of the 1938 season for the "Blue and Gold."

FOOTBALL

BERLIN HIGH SCHOOL vs. GOULD ACADEMY at THE FAIR GROUNDS 2 p. m., SATURDAY, Nov. 5 ADMISSION 25c

People and Spots in the Late News

HOLY LAND DISCORD . . . All Palestine was under martial law as England, alarmed over Moslem rebel uprising, moved planes, tanks, artillery and fresh troops into Jerusalem area. British soldiers regarding all natives as suspects, lined these Arabs up in search for concealed weapons.



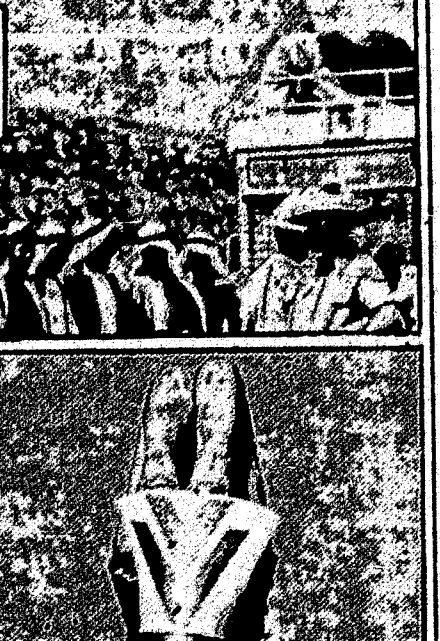
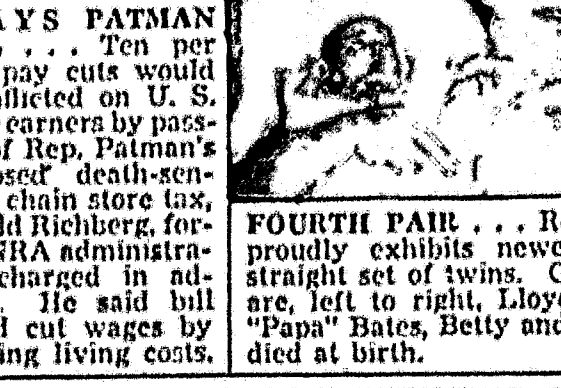
HORNED FROG FLIER . . . Latest sensation in 1938 football picture is Little Davey O'Brien, 150-pounder from Dallas, who, as leader of Texas Christian University's famed aerial circus is making fans forget "Slingin' Sammy" Baugh.



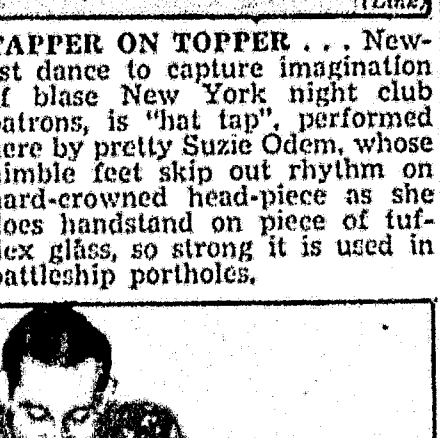
FASHION CYCLE . . . Style experts dug back into family album for this newest copy of great-grandma's Kalmar crime scene wrap with fitted jacket and mull worn over new crinoline hoop skirted gown. It fits snug at waistline, is cutaway in front and has huge ermine buttons.



FLAYS PATMAN BILL . . . Ten percent pay cuts would be inflicted on U. S. wage earners by passage of Rep. Patman's proposed death-sentence chain store tax, Donald Richberg, former NRA administrator, charged in address. He said bill would cut wages by boosting living costs.



TAPPER ON TOPPER . . . Newest dance to capture imagination of blasé New York night club patrons, is "hat tap", performed here by pretty Suzie Odem, whose nimble feet skip out rhythm on hard-crowned head-piece as she does handstand on piece of tufflex glass, so strong it is used in battleship portholes.



FOURTH PAIR . . . Record or not, Mrs. Oliver Bates proudly exhibits newest additions to family, fourth straight set of twins. Gathered at Los Angeles hospital are, left to right, Lloyd, 9; Lorraine and Loreene, 12; "Papa" Bates, Betty and Byron, 11. Lloyd's twin brother died at birth.

South Bethel

Charles Mason and family and David Libby were in Sumner on business Thursday.
Linwood Newell has moved to Conway, N. H., where he has employment in the mill.
Rose Brooks of South Paris visited at the home of Frank Brooks Saturday night.
Luke Robertson and Winfred Swan and family visited at the home of Linwood Newell Sunday.
Perry Halmey has bought a Ford car.
Herbert Tift and family motored to Fryeburg Sunday.
One of the lucky hunters here is Alfred Mason. He got a nice deer.
Hedrick Harthorne has infection in his hand.
Vear Hean is building a house on the Smith lot.
Charles Libby visited his children at Rumford Sunday.
Several from here were in Upton Saturday, hunting.
Peter Francis has moved from Val Tibbetts' place to Davis' camp on the Rabbit Road.
Lauri Immonen of West Paris was in this place on business Thursday.
Beasie Libby worked for Herbert Berrymont at Bryant Pond last week.

Discovered Color Blindness
John Dalton (1766-1844), an English scientist, was afflicted with color blindness. From his investigations of the condition, he coined the term "Daltonism" to describe that kind of research.

Albany—Valley Road

Wallace Cummings attended the church service at North Waterford, Sunday, conducted by Willard Bickel of Hooksett, N. H., who came to preach as a candidate.
Ruth Bumpus returned to school Tuesday, after being absent several days with a bad cold.
Mr. and Mrs. Dolar Lafrance spent Sunday at Mrs. Carrie Logan's.
Mr. and Mrs. Harlan Bumpus and family were at Evans Notch Sunday.
Arthur Haselton was confined to the house last week with a bad throat.
Mr. and Mrs. Ingalls McAllister and family called at Will McAllister's Monday.
Gard Barker and Harry Logan attended a Halloween party at West Bethel Monday evening.
Mrs. Marion Elliott, Miss Madeline Bumpus and Miss Margaret Merriam spent Thursday afternoon at the Cummings farm.
Harry Logan has finished work at the Bumpus mine, and has employment at the "Cal Cummings" bridge. Ralph Hatatat is also working there.

South Albany

L. D. Moulton still remains very ill.
Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Stearns and family called on relatives in Bethel Sunday.
Mrs. Harry Spring has been ill with a bad cold.
Coll Flint and party spent the week-end at Hunt's Corner.
Mr. and Mrs. Linwood Ring and Sonnie spent the week-end with Wesley Ring.
Miss Ethel Dana from Portland is spending some time at Nancy Andrews'.
Mr. and Mrs. Roy Wardwell and Gertrude Kimball attended the Union Association at Hiram last Thursday.
Arthur Wardwell and Leon Kimball were in West Paris Saturday.
Sunday callers at Roy Wardwell's were Berkley Henley, Lewis McAllister and son Everett.
Leon Kimball worked for Howard Allen one day last week.
Potatoes are rotting badly in this section.

Songo Pond

A. B. Kimball and sons, Albert, Floyd and Leonard, were in Portland Monday, Oct. 24. Mr. Kimball returned with a new Chevrolet sedan.
Mr. and Mrs. Vinton Tibbetts and three children of South Bethel were callers at H. N. Grindle's Monday evening.
There was a large attendance at the Harvest Supper at Songo Lake Pavilion Tuesday evening.
Mrs. Eva Barker is very ill at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Kimball.
Joe Rich and a fellow student of Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H., were in this place recently.
The masquerade ball at Songo Lake Pavilion Saturday evening was largely attended. The prizes were given to Mr. and Mrs. Angus Fraser, Cora J. Bean, and Laurence Robinson of Gilead.
Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Grindle and son Donald were callers at Frank Smith's, Locke Mills, Sunday evening.
Elmer Saunders has worked two days for Mr. Ellwell at Waterford.
Orrin Eames of Portland was a caller at Elmer Saunders' Sunday evening.
Mrs. Roger Clough and children were at Leonard Kimball's Sunday.
Two members of the bridge crew that are working on the new bridge on the Greenwood road are boarding with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kimball.

Upton

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fuller and family have moved into the Walter Vail place. Mr. Fuller is working for Jim Barnett for the winter.
Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Judkins and family and a friend, Miss Amelia Carron, were week-end guests of Mrs. C. A. Judkins.
Miss Doris Coolidge, a teacher at Millinockett, was home for the week-end.
Fred Judkins visited in Sherman Mills and attended the Home Coming house party at his fraternity in Orono last week-end.
O. Lee Abbott of Bangor was at the Abbott House with his mother for the week-end.
Stephen Wheatland of Boston was a week-end guest at the Abbott House.
The schools presented a Halloween entertainment at the Grange Hall Friday evening. There were games and dancing after the plays. Everyone had an enjoyable evening.
The Y. P. S. C. E. met at the home of Mrs. J. G. Manter. The topic "The Church in the City," was led by Mrs. Manter.
Ernest Buck and his crew are in town pressing hay for James Barnett and Bertha Judkins.

Grover Hill

James Mundt recently received treatment for sinus trouble in Berlin, N. H. He is somewhat improved in health.
Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Jordan from Mechanic Falls, with their grandchildren, Philmore and Phyllis Meserve from Auburn, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Tyler Saturday.
A. J. Peaslee, though still confined to the house, is recovering slowly from his recent illness.
W. H. Morrison and Charles Chandler from Gorham, N. H., were callers at N. A. Stearns' Saturday.
Rodney Waterhouse shot a large red fox one day last week.
Mr. and Mrs. George Bennett from West Bethel were Saturday evening callers at Maurice F. Tyler's.
E. B. Whitman and family returned to Bridgton Saturday after spending nearly a week at their home here.
Mr. and Mrs. J. Burton Abbott were in Norway Saturday, and visited Mrs. Abbott's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Haines at East Bethel, Sunday.

BUSINESS CARDS

Watch This Space for Dates



Eyes Examined, Glasses Furnished by
E. L. GREENLEAF
OPTOMETRIST
over Rowe's Store
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5

DR. HOWARD E. TYLER
CHIROPRACTOR
Bethel, Maine
Mon. Afternoon
Thurs. Evening
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Modern Ambulance Equipment
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CHILTON Pens, E. P. LYON
Community, Rogers Bros., and Holmes & Edwards Silver, E. P. LYON
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Alka-Seltzer relieves pain because it contains an analgesic (acetyl-salicylate). Alka-Seltzer's vegetable and mineral alkalis help to neutralize excess stomach acids.



At your drug store, at the soda fountain, and in 30¢ and 60¢ packages for home use.
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LISTEN TO THIS

By TOM FIZDALE

Benny Goodman officiated at swing's official coming-out party to New York's upper-crust society last week. The event took place at the famous Waldorf-Astoria hotel and there was a full turn-out of top-hatted, ermine-tipped gentry to greet the debutante. The Waldorf's classically beautiful Empire Room literally throbbed and shook with the happy stomping and swinging of the moneyed multitude. This was Park Avenue's first formal introduction to swing—as though it needed any introduction—and it went over with a bang.



Joan Tompkins

A new twist in keeping the suspense in daytime serial dramas is being tried in Your Family and Mine. Judy Wilbur, portrayed by pretty Joan Tompkins, is accused of murdering Steve Treadway. In order to keep the cast in as much suspense as the audience, the author and producer refuse to tell them who really did it. As a result they're running a sweep-stakes among themselves on the outcome of the plot.

Eddie Cantor has introduced a new idea to radio with his popular interviews of prospective newlyweds on his Monday night show. Last week he turned a family affair into a public event when he and Ida accepted the invitation of one of the interviewed brides-to-be and attended the wedding. Special police, newsreel and newspaper photographers and all of the trimmings of a celebrity appearance resulted.

The Smoothies—Charlie and Little Ryan and Babs Johnson—heard on those NBC Vocal Varieties, have achieved a new step in their rise to fame. Comes word that a dance has been named for them—The Smoothie Slide.

So many readers have been intrigued by the idea of Jerry Colonna's handle-bar mustache that we reproduce the phiz of the mad professor that we weren't spoofing. As you will note, they are probably the finest pair of hirsute handle-bars in captivity—and Colonna's weekly clowning with Hope is just as funny as they are.



Jerry Colonna

So you want to be a radio singer? Well, here's the sort of repertoire you need, as revealed by Mary Eastman, vocal star of The Saturday Night Serenade. Mary knows 53 major arias from nineteen Italian, French, German and Austrian operas; some 200-odd songs by Beethoven, Brahms, Schubert, Mozart, Tchaikovsky, Strauss, Debussy, Ravel and other modern composers; most of the Victor Herbert operettas plus all of the currently popular hit tunes. You need quantity plus quality.

Margaret Sangster is one of America's best known writers. A month passes that her name isn't seen over a story in one of the better magazines and her publishers bring out a new book at least once a year. In addition she writes one of radio's most popular daytime dramas, Arnold Grimm's Daughter, which probably has the greatest audience of any of her writings—yet it is the only one on which she doesn't get a by-line.

George Fisher, whose Hollywood Whispers are heard over MBS each Saturday night, is a smart guy. He avoids feuds with other commentators by the simple expedient of putting them on his show as guest artists to give their views whenever they have an argument.

Discovered, an actor who doesn't long to play Hamlet! He is Les Tremayne, one of radio's better leading men. He says he would rather read Shakespeare than play him. Quick, a laurel wreath!

Newry Corner

Miss Carrie Wight, superintendent of schools, and the North Newry teachers attended the Teachers' Convention in Bangor last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone of Berlin were in town Saturday.

The members of the Farm Bureau met last week with Mrs. Pearl Kilgore. Subject of the meeting was "Fish Cookery."

Miss Eva Merrill, who has been

at work in Norway for some time, is now at home for a short time.

The next meeting of the Farm Bureau will be Nov. 23 at the home of Mrs. Grace Arsenaault on "Christmas Suggestions."

John Deegan of West Greenwood was in town recently threshing grain.

Miss Carrie Hastings spent the week-end in Portland with her sister, Mrs. Sarah Kenney.

THE POCKETBOOK of KNOWLEDGE

By TOPPS



East Bethel

Tracy Dorey was home from Gilbertville Sunday.

Mrs. Ida Blake, Mr. and Mrs. Carl H. Swan, Mrs. Tracy Dorey and three children visited Mrs. Blake's daughter, Mrs. Wing, and grandson, Tracy Dorey, at Gilbertville Monday.

Rodney Howe was at Umbagog Lake Saturday and Sunday with Dana Brooks and Parker Brown. William Hastings and John Howe have gone to Umbagog Lake for the week in company with D. G. Brooks, Harry Brooks and Gerry Brooks.

Leslie Noyes was confined to his bed for several days last week with a severe cold. Edward Haines did the chores for Mr. Noyes.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Upton of Nobel's Corner, Norway, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Reed.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Averill, Bernard Hutchins, and Miss Althea Richards of Andover were guests of Mrs. S. B. Newton Sunday.

Mrs. Everett Billings returned home Saturday evening from the C. M. G. Hospital, Lewiston, where she has been for treatment several weeks.

Miss Eva Bean is the guest of Mrs. John Howe this week.

Mrs. Tracy Dorey and children were guests of Mrs. Eva Swan, Locke Mills, last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Jackson of West Paris were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Curtis.

A daughter, Mary Elisabeth, weighing eight pounds, nine ounces, was born Oct. 27, to Mr. and Mrs. Norman Ford of Bethel at Mrs. William G. Holt's.

Friends of Mrs. J. C. Bartlett are glad to know that she is at home and much improved in health since her recent operation at St. Louis Hospital, Berlin.

Miss Mary Toft and Miss Alta Brooks attended the State Teachers' Convention at Bangor last week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hastings, Barbara, Billy and Edward Hastings were in Cumberland Wednesday evening. Barbara remained for the rest of the week with her aunt, Mrs. Lauri Tamminen.

Mrs. William Hastings, Billy and Edward Hastings were guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Cole, in Greenwood City Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hastings, Virginia, Mary Alice and Warren Hastings were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Norward in Monmouth Sunday.

Miss Sally Lake entertained a party of friends at her home Saturday evening. Charlie Mason brought the guests from Locke Mills in his hay rack drawn by two horses, picking up those along the way on the trip in. Much fun was enjoyed on the ride and Mrs. Lake served the oyster stew supper during the evening.

Sunday River

Miss C. J. Hastings spent the week-end in Portland. Ernest Tripp has moved back across the river.

Clifton Jackson was in Portsmouth Friday to see the Navy boats.

Mrs. Julia Fleet had a hallows' social Friday night for the scholars. J. Reynolds and R. L. Foster are shingling the upper school house.

J. Dumeren has moved to Phillips.

J. Spinney helped Ed York pick his corn.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Emmons from Augusta spent a few days at Major Hastings' recently.

Miss Evelyn Duran has men working on her camp.

Middle Intervale

Mrs. Lillia Stevens visited her daughter, Mrs. Richard Stevens, Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Willie Powers and friend spent the week-end at Ranaid Stevens'.

Eugene McAllister is staying at D. S. Brooks'.

B. W. Kimball spent the week-end with his daughter, Mrs. Edith Howe, East Bethel.

Mrs. O. A. Buck went to Boston Friday to visit her daughter, Mrs. Ruth Bonvie, for the week-end. Miss Eleanor Vail went to Portland Monday to meet her.

Misses Mildred and Eleanor Vail stayed with their mother, Mrs. Lillian Vail, over the week-end.

We are glad that Robert Sanborn is able to go back on his job as mail carrier.

West Paris

The Baynes Bird Club met Wednesday with Miss Emily Tuell, West Sumner.

The Bates Literary Club will meet Friday afternoon with Mrs. F. R. Penley.

Mrs. S. T. White, Mrs. H. Patch, Mrs. Laura McKee, Mrs. Ina Smith and Mrs. H. R. Tuell attended the W. C. T. U. Institute at South Paris recently.

Rev. Eleanor B. Forbes entertained Prof. Melvin Laatsch, Ray Bett of Burlington, Vt., Miss Louise Lobdell and Carlton Elmer of Boston over the week-end.

The Universalist Church has recently been painted two coats and the interior redecorated.

Rev. Frederick Smith of Waterville, Secretary of the Maine Civic League, was the speaker at the W. C. T. U. Sunday evening service at the Universalist Church. The church choir sang and Mrs. Stanley Perham and Mrs. Mayblom rendered solos.

New CHEVROLET 1939

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AT SUBSTANTIALLY REDUCED PRICES

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some models as much as
\$45



THE SMARTEST EXAMPLE OF THE NEWEST STYLE TREND

Dashing new Aero-Stream Styling, brilliant new Bodies by Fisher, make Chevrolet for 1939 outstandingly beautiful with a beauty that is up-to-date.

Chevrolet for 1939 is the smartest example of the newest style trend. It presents the newest styling at its keenest and best! You'll know this the moment you see its dashing new Aero-Stream Styling, its luxurious new Bodies by Fisher, its richly tailored interiors. Visit your nearest Chevrolet dealer and see this more fashionable motor car—today!

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Take your turn at the
PERFECTED
VACUUM GEAR-SHIFT
Exclusive to Chevrolet in its Price Range
Available on all models at slight extra cost

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and be Safe!

NEW

"OBSERVATION CAR"

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with Safety Plate Glass

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Pace-maker

In Performance!

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FAMOUS

VALVE-IN-HEAD

SIX

Tops for Thrill

and Thrill

Ride and Rejoice!

PERFECTED KNEE-ACTION

RIDING SYSTEM

Giving the World's Finest Ride

Available on Master De Luxe models only

PERFECTED

HYDRAULIC BRAKES

and Trigger-Control

Emergency Brake

For Protection Plus!

Touch—don't "shove"!

TIPTOE-MATIC

CLUTCH

almost

operates itself!

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CHEVROLET DEALER

Bennett's Garage, Bethel, Me.

THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN PUBLISHED THURSDAYS AT BETHEL, MAINE

CARL L. BROWN, Publisher
Entered as second class matter,
May 7, 1908, at the post office at
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W. E. Bosserman,	Bethel
Chamberlin's Fruit Store,	Bethel
Irvyng Brown,	Bethel
Gilbert LeClair,	Bethel
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Harry Chase, Jr.,	Hanover
Clayton Holden,	Gilead
Chase's,	Bryant Pond
Ethel Mason,	Locke Mills
Judkins' Store,	Upton

Any article or letter intended for
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the author and be written on only
one side of the paper. We reserve
the right to exclude or publish
contributions in part.

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Three years for \$5.00. Single copies
5c.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1938

BETHEL NEEDS
More and Better Sidewalks—winter
and summer
Night Watchman—All the Year
Enforced Traffic Rules

THE LOW DOWN HICKORY GROVE

Fifty years ago they used to cure
just about all the ills of man or
beast, by bleeding. And you had to
be a pretty hardy kind of person to
survive the doctor.



And you know,
it half-way looks
to me like they
are up to the
same tricks again.
they are trying it
on business in-
stead of on people
or horses or cows,
etc.

Business sure
is getting white-
around the gills and weak in the
knees.

But I see where this old Dock
Pat Harrison down there in the
pod at state, he says bleeding, it
is further outa date and worse for
business than it was for grandpa.
He says we gotta do something to
revive business, except more taxes.
That old boy, we need more of
that kind of gent with good horse
sense down there on our wide
Potomac.

Yours, the low down,
JO SIERRA

Tricky Tides of Fundy

Provide Unusual Sight

The tricky tides of the Bay of
Fundy present a spectacle for the
eye and ear each day. The
45-foot ebb and flow of the tides
changes the appearance of the
sharply indented coast line and
gives rise to such oddities as an
"island" created by a highway
waterfalls which recede their di-
rection and being done not from
boats, but from the cars of a
correspondent to the Cleveland
Plain Dealer.

Just across the border between
Maine and New Brunswick is Min-
ister's Island, 12 miles from St. An-
drews by the sea. At high tide the
last half mile of the journey must
be negotiated by taking a boat
across an inlet 50 feet deep, but
low tide leaves a pebbly sea
bottom.

Seventy miles on the coast is New
Brunswick's port, Saint John,
where the Saint John river drops
down a narrow gorge in steep-like
falls to join the bay—"drops down,"
that is, except at high tide when
surging Fundy rushes up the can-
yon and sends the river in scurrying
retreat. Hence the name, Revers-
ing falls.

Grapefruit in Florida
The grapefruit was brought to
Florida by the Spaniards in the
sixteenth century.

UNTIE HIM!



THE PARISH LETTER OXFORD COUNTY UNITED PARISH

On Sunday the Parish Church
will observe Communion at the
regular services of worship. The
hours of service are as follows:
East Stoneham 10 a. m.; Waterford
Federated 10, Center Lovell, 10.30,
Albany 11.15, North Waterford
11.15.

The United Parish Pilgrim Fel-
lowship will meet at 7 p. m., and
Miss Doris Payne will be leader
of the meeting.

Speaking of the Young People
let none who are looking for a
good Hallowe'en Frolic miss the
good time Friday evening, this
week, at North Waterford.

The Waterford Men's Club is
meeting next Monday evening. We
have heard that the Committee is
hoping to have "Jack" Spratt at
North Bridgton as speaker.

Tuesday night is the regular
night for the North Waterford Cir-
cle Supper, but the supper is post-
poned until Thursday evening when
the Parish Council will meet at
North Waterford.

Thursday is the date for the An-
nual Meeting of the Parish Coun-
cil. The Council will meet at 3.30
in the afternoon to hear reports,
and transact as much of the busi-
ness as possible. Supper will be
served by the North Waterford Cir-
cle. In the evening the speaker will
be Dr. R. L. Zorby. We hope all
parts of the Parish may be well
represented at this annual meet-
ing. Important business will be ac-
tuated upon, and all of us will want
to hear Dr. Zorby. He is going to
tell us something about his im-
pressions of the United Parish.

On Friday evening the Albany
Circle will serve their supper. They
are choosing Friday night for their
supper as the Council meeting falls
on their regular night. An Armistice
Day Supper at Albany. This
is to be the Annual Pie Supper.

South Woodstock

Mrs. Olive Davis and Mrs. Mary
Fleming attended the Teachers'
Convention at Bangor Thursday
and Friday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Waterhouse
left Monday morning for Florida,
where they will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Green and son
Basil of Bryant Pond were supper
guests Sunday evening of Mr. and
Mrs. G. F. Davis.

Fred Mason of Locke Mills is
building a chimney in the house
occupied by Orin Sprague for Gor-
ald Davis.

The Willing Workers were very
pleasantly entertained by Mrs.
Florence Perham on Tuesday after-
noon. Oct. 29 one quilt was tied
and other sewing done for the hon-
orable. It was voted to hold the first
beano party of the season at Union
School house Saturday evening,
Nov. 12. Refreshments, consisting
of shrimp wiggle, cakes, coffee and
tea were served.

Gilead

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Woods, and
family have moved into one of C.
H. Cole's rents.

Mrs. Florence Holden was a
guest of Mrs. Ruth Lapointe in
Berlin last Saturday.

Harry Miner has completed his
duties on the G. T. R. section here
and returned to his home in Island
Pond, Vt.

Miss Lucille Flisette of Cascades,
N. H., spent the week-end with Mr.
and Mrs. Amedee Flisette.

Miss Laura Bergeon of Berlin
was a recent guest of her aunt,
Mrs. Annette Nadeau.

Edward Holden returned to
Thornton, N. H., Tuesday morning
to resume his duties with the U. S.
Forest Service after spending a few
weeks at his home here.

Barbara Potter and brother Ru-
pert of Strong have been spending
a few days with their grandparents,
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cole.

Eleanor Buck of West Bethel was
a recent guest of friends in town.

Primitive Methods
Need Not
Be
Followed
in
Advertising
Be Modern

ADVERTISE HERE!!

TYPEWRITERS

UNDERWOOD NO. 5

Elite type. Very good sec-
ond hand condition. \$25.

Another one in fair shape and
does good work. \$15.00

ROYAL NO. 10

Pica type. Excellent condi-
tion for long service. \$30.

Elite type. Good second hand
condition. \$20

ROYAL DeLuxe Portable

Like new. Tabulator. Pica
type. \$50.

REMETTE PORTABLE

See this new portable type-
writer with every essential
feature including the famous
Remington geared type bar.
Complete four row 84 charac-
ter standard keyboard. \$29.75

Satisfactory terms usually can be
arranged at slightly higher prices.

CITIZEN OFFICE

"ORPHANS OF THE STORM"



Fleeing a tornado near Clyde, Texas, parents of these babies were killed,
their automobile tossed a quarter-mile away. Hours later a telephone
lineman heard a child's whimper in a roadside ditch. There he found 3-
year-old Jesse Donald Rutledge, water up to his chin, holding his 3-months-
old brother Daryl's head above water. Relatives being unable to care for
the orphans, Red Cross workers arranged a maintenance fund to support
them until they are 16. A Texas college promised scholarships and ranch-
men started a herd of cattle for their benefit. The Red Cross will help the
boys make adjustments as they grow older.

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

PICTURES WITH WEAK LIGHT



Hard to take? No! A box camera gets it with a 4-second exposure. Other
cameras, 1 second at f.8.3. Exposure is short because the light is near her
face.

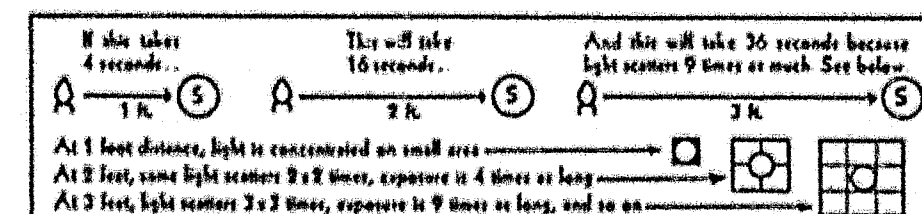
IT IS surprising how little light is
needed to make a picture if the
light is placed close to the subject.

For instance, look at the snapshot
above. The only light is the weak
little electric candle lamp, held
about a foot from the child's face.

With the lamp at that distance, a
box camera loaded with supersensi-
tive film can get the picture with a
four-second time exposure. Lamp
two feet from her, exposure would
be sixteen seconds—four times as
long. Lamp three feet away, expo-
sure is thirty-six seconds—nine
times as long.

Reason: When light is close up, it

John van Guilder



The nearer the light to subject, the less exposure required. (Distance from
camera to subject doesn't matter.) If your indoor pictures are coming out
too dark, try using more light, have bulbs closer to subject, or give longer
exposures.

BETHEL AND VICINITY

—Continued from Page One

Jack Gill was in Lewiston Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Faulkingham were in Portland Sunday.

Mrs. Ethel Metcalf of Farmington is visiting her brother, Ernest Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Chapman and family were in Errol and Berlin Sunday.

Charles Tuell and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Morgan were in Portland Sunday.

Mrs. Harry Brooks of North Weymouth, Mass., is visiting relatives in town this week.

Miss Clarice Shaw of Mexico spent the week-end with her grandmother, Mrs. Florence Gill.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Barker of Hanover were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Clark.

Mrs. Minnie Wentworth and Mrs. Jessie Baird of Gorham, N. H., were guests of Mrs. Ada Mills Wednesday.

Miss Evelyn Hunt of Lewiston was the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hunt, Saturday night.

Miss Mary Cutler is having a vacation from her duties at Bethel Inn. She will enjoy a southern cruise.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Hall and family visited relatives in Canaan, Vt., and Bishopston, Que., the latter part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hanscom of Casco were dinner guests of his brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. E. Hanscom, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jordan and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Saywin, with Mrs. Alma Judkins of West Paris, were in Wilton Saturday.

Mrs. A. Ven Den Kerckhoven, Mrs. Henry Hastings, Miss Lucia Van Den Kerckhoven and Miss Dorothy Hanscom were in Lewiston Saturday.

C. P. Bailey and W. R. Myers attended the Teachers' Convention at Bangor last Friday. Mr. Myers remained to attend the football game Saturday.

The Rebekahs are sponsoring a series of four card parties with a grand prize at the final party. The first party will be held at the I. O. O. F. hall Thursday evening, Nov. 10, at eight o'clock.

Donald Holt, Frank Littlehale, George Adams, Robert Keniston, Carl Tucker, Rodney Wentzell and Theodore Cummings spent the week-end in Orono.

Mrs. Ada Rolfe and Mrs. Arthur Garber have finished work at Bethel Inn.

C. W. Knowles and Mr. and Mrs. Minot Thomas and children, Lendall and Nancy, and Mrs. Flora Ayers of Augusta were guests of Mrs. Harriet Knowles Sunday at the home of Mrs. Wallace Clark.

Edward Cutter of Milton Mass., Harry Brooks of North Weymouth, Mass., and Gerry Brooks of Portland are enjoying a hunting trip this week with D. Grover Brooks, John Howe and William Hastings.

Charles Chapin accompanied his sister, Miss Winona Chapin, a student nurse at the C. M. G. Hospital, Lewiston, to Providence, R. I., Tuesday. Miss Chapin will remain there for a training period of three months.

Mr. and Mrs. Glyndon Sawin of Wilton were guests of relatives in town Sunday. Miss Virginia Bean, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Sawin, came with them and remained for a visit with her mother, Mrs. H. E. Jordan.

Among those from Bethel attending Pomona Grange at North Waterford Tuesday were Mr. and Mrs. Fred Clark, Mrs. P. C. Lapham, Miss Hildred Bartlett, Mrs. Gertrude Bartlett, F. E. Russell, Herman Mason, and Charles Kimball.

There will be a public whist party at the West Bethel Grange Hall Monday night, Nov. 7, at 8 o'clock. There will also be tables for lunch. Refreshments of homemade ice cream and cake will be served.

Archer Grover of Hallowell visited his aunt, Miss Alice Willis, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Wilcox and Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Wilcox of St. Johnsbury, Vt., spent Sunday with Mrs. Wilcox's sister, Mrs. Scott Robertson. Mrs. Jane S. Noyes of Eastern Slope Inn and New York, who has been with Mrs. Robertson for the week, returned to St. Johnsbury with them en route to New York for Thanksgiving.

Hallowe'en parties were held Monday afternoon and evening for the children of the Congregational Sunday School. From three to five the primary department enjoyed games and refreshments under the supervision of Mrs. Arthur Cutler, Mrs. Earle Palmer and Mrs. Arthur Dudley. Prizes were won by Laurice Lord and Lee Carver. In the evening, following a supper in charge of Mrs. Cutler, Mrs. Floribel Nevens and Mrs. William Chapman, 45 members of the junior department were entertained with games in the chapel.

JUNIOR GUILD

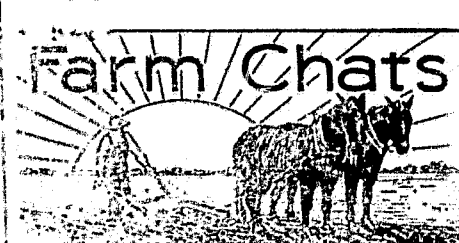
The Junior Guild will hold their regular meeting at Garland Chapel Wednesday evening, Nov. 9. Officers will be elected at this meeting. There will be a pot luck supper at 6:15. Those on the committee in charge of the supper are Mrs. Jane Van Den Kerckhoven, Mrs. Winona Cutler, Mrs. Ruth Carver, assisted by Mrs. Dorothy Tucker, Mrs. Edith Rowe, Mrs. Olive Lurvey, Mrs. Stella Moore and Miss Maxine Clough. Mrs. Doris Lord and Mrs. Ella Drummond are the committee in charge of the program.

Characteristics of Alligator Pear

The avocado, or alligator pear, has three unique characteristics. Its protein and dry matter surpass that of any other fresh fruit, says Collier's Weekly. Its ripeness can only be determined by a laboratory test of its oil content, and its growth is sometimes so abundant that whole trees have collapsed under the weight of their fruit.

Miss Hazel Luxton was in Berlin Monday.

P. S. Sayles, Ralph Young, G. L. Thurston and E. M. Walker were representatives from the Bethel Lions Club who attended a zone meeting at the Auburn Y. M. C. A. last Thursday night.



The Flat Bay 4-H club of West Harrington is one of Washington county's leading clubs. In the last 10 years club members have enrolled in 360 projects, completing every one, and won 41 county championships. The club has also received for 10 years the county banner or plaque awarded to the highest scoring club. Mrs. Harold Grace is the local leader.

Operation of an electric fence getting its charge directly from a power source in excess of 15 volts has been made illegal in Wisconsin. A light bulb used as resistance in the circuit allows far too much current to pass through the wire. Even a weak current may interrupt the nervous impulses regulating the beating of the heart, bringing death in a few seconds. Properly constructed fence controller units are safe under ordinary conditions.

The most comprehensive and

thorough research ever made into income distribution has just been reported by the National Resources Committee. Here are some of the facts it found in examining American's 128,000,000 consumers in 1935-36: Dividing America's families in three, the lower third received \$8 in every \$100 in the national income, the middle third received \$23; and the upper third got \$69; the bottom tenth of total family income supported 62 times as many people as the top tenth. The typical family had four members, received an average income of \$25 a week, excluding those on relief. More than half the farm families had incomes under \$1,000; three-quarters had less than \$1,500. Eight in 10 families with incomes under \$1,000 were wage earners and farm families.

Beautiful Harbors
Naples has its blue bay crowned by Vesuvius, Rio its Sugar Loaf rising in the harbor, Bermuda its chain of rainbow-shaded islands set on rainbow-shaded waters against a background of hills.

Mexico's Land Frontier
Mexico has a land frontier on the United States of more than 1,500 miles.

Next Week!

TOWN

WEEKLY MAGAZINE SECTION

comes to town!



TOWN, the brilliant new magazine section, will be included as part of this paper beginning with next week's issue.

TOWN is modern and diversified, entertaining and informative. TOWN will

bring you adventure and romance by popular authors, the newest in fashions

and home economics, highlights on movie and radio stars and the world of

sports, comics in colors and features for the children. TOWN will be in this

paper each week, starting next week!



THIS NEWSPAPER OFFERS Service and Saving

ON YOUR WHOLE YEAR'S READING

It's easy and economical to buy your newspaper and magazines through our combination offers. We save you valuable time and bring you a whole year's pleasure at sensationally low prices.

THIS NEWSPAPER, 1 YEAR
AND 3 FAMOUS MAGAZINES . . . **\$3.20**

GROUP A—Select 1 Magazine
Check the magazines that you want
thus (X). Clip list and enclose with
coupon below.

- ☐ American Boy 1 Yr.
- ☐ American Girl 1 Yr.
- ☐ Look Magazine 1 Yr.
- ☐ Christian Herald 1 Yr.
- ☐ The Judge 1 Yr.
- ☐ Liberty 1 Yr.
- ☐ Love and Romance 1 Yr.
- ☐ Mechanix Illustrated 1 Yr.
- ☐ Movie Mirror 1 Yr.
- ☐ Parents' Magazine 1 Yr.
- ☐ True Experiences 1 Yr.
- ☐ True Romances 1 Yr.
- ☐ True Story 1 Yr.

Unexpired Subscriptions Will
Be Extended

GROUP B—Select 2 Magazines
Check the magazines that you want
thus (X). Clip list and enclose with
coupon below.

- ☐ American Poultry 2 Yrs.
- ☐ Journal 2 Yrs.
- ☐ Breeder's Gazette 2 Yrs.
- ☐ Christian Herald 6 Mos.
- ☐ Country Home 2 Yrs.
- ☐ Farm Journal 2 Yrs.
- ☐ Home Arts 2 Yrs.
- ☐ Needlecraft 2 Yrs.
- ☐ McCall's Magazine 1 Yr.
- ☐ Motion Picture 1 Yr.
- ☐ Open Road (Boys) 1 Yr.
- ☐ Parents' Magazine 6 Mos.
- ☐ Pathfinder (Weekly) 1 Yr.
- ☐ Pictorial Review 1 Yr.
- ☐ Romantic Story 1 Yr.
- ☐ True Confessions 1 Yr.
- ☐ Woman's World 1 Yr.

FILL OUT AND MAIL COUPON NOW!

Clip list of magazines after checking ones desired and return with this coupon.
Gentlemen: I enclose \$_____ I want your "Service and Saving"
offer which includes a year's subscription to your paper and the magazines checked.

Post Office _____

R. F. D. _____ State _____

Name _____

STATE OF MAINE
County of Oxford, ss

October 4th, 1938.

Taken this fourth day of October 1938, on execution dated October 4th, 1938, issued on a judgment rendered by the Superior Court for the County of Oxford, at the term thereof begun and held on the first Tuesday of March, 1938, in favor of Ulric Plante of Rumford, in the County of Oxford, against Nicholas Bevilacqua, alias Nick Bivelaqua, alias Nicola Bivelaqua, alias Nick Bevelacqua, whose true and correct name is to your plaintiff unknown, of Rumford, in the said County of Oxford, for Three Hundred Eighty-Eight Dollars and Twenty Cents (\$388.20) debt or damage, and Fourteen Dollars and Ninety-Eight Cents (\$14.98) costs of suit, together with Thirty Cents (30c) more for second execution issued on said judgment, and will be sold at public auction at the Sheriff's Office, in the County Buildings in Paris, to the highest bidder, on the fifteenth day of November A. D. 1938, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to redeem the following described mortgaged real estate, and all the right, title and interest, and right in equity, which the said Nicholas Bevilacqua alias, has and had, in and to the same, on the said fourth day of October, 1938, the time when the same was seized on execution in the same suit, to wit:—

A certain lot or parcel of land together with the buildings thereon, situated in the part of Rumford commonly called Virginia, bounded and described as follows:—Commencing at a point sixty (60) feet easterly from the intersection of the easterly side line of High Street with the northerly side line of a proposed street called Hill Street; thence running northerly at right angles with said Hill Street thirty-five and one tenth (35.1) feet to an oak hub; thence running at a right angle easterly one hundred and thirty-eight (138) feet to an oak hub on Maple Lane, so-called, now Virgin Street; thence southerly along the westerly side line of said Maple Lane thirty-five and thirty-five one hundredths (35.35) feet to an oak hub; thence running westerly along the northerly side line of Hill Street one hundred and forty-two and two tenths (142.2) feet to the point of beginning. Meaning and intending to convey lot number eleven (11) as delineated on a plan made by Henry Nelson, Civil Engineer, which said lot is on the easterly side of the reservoir lot so-called. The above described lot is a part of the Rufus Virgin farm containing four thousand nine hundred and seventeen (4917) square feet. Being the same premises conveyed to Frederick J. McDonald by George A. Virgin by deed recorded in Book 333, Page 71. Also a certain lot or parcel of land situated in the Virginia Section so-called of Rumford Falls Village in said Rumford, and being a portion of lot numbered twelve (12) as shown upon the plan entitled "Plan of North Section of Virginia, Rumford, Maine," which plan is dated February 26, 1911, signed by Henry Nelson, Surveyor, and filed at Oxford County Registry of Deeds. Said parcel of land consists of a strip of land four feet (4) in width, fifty (50) feet in length on the southerly side of said lot numbered twelve (12) and adjoining lot numbered eleven (11) above described, and begins at the frontage of said lot numbered twelve (12) on Maple Lane now Virgin Street, as shown on the aforesaid Plan and runs back for a distance of fifty (50) feet. Being the same strip of land conveyed to Jessie McDonald by Alfonso Sciaraffo by deed dated October 23, 1915, and recorded in Oxford Registry of Deeds, Book 333, Page 70. The above described premises are the same as were conveyed to Nicola Bevilacqua by Jessie McDonald by her warranty deed dated January 13, 1917, and recorded in Oxford Registry of Deeds, in Book 333, Page 521.

Said real estate is subject to a mortgage, given by said Nicholas Bevilacqua alias, to the Rumford Falls National Bank of Rumford, and recorded in the Oxford County Registry of Deeds, Eastern District, in Book 417, Pages 177-180, on which is said to be due about nine hundred twenty-five dollars (\$925.00).

Dated at Rumford, Maine, this fourth day of October, A. D. 1938,
JAMES A. McMENAMIN
Deputy Sheriff.

NOTICE
Notice is hereby given that I shall not be responsible for any bills contracted by my wife after this date.

LEE A. WENTZEL,
Bethel, Maine, Oct. 24, 1938. 45p

Milton

Miss Clara Jackson and Miss Florence Burnham went to Bangor Thursday to attend the Teachers' Convention.

Mrs. W. A. Given and George Abbott of Rumford Corner and Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Dyer motored to Gorham, N. H., Sunday, and called on friends.

Five Bear brothers, Henry, Otho, Linnie, Irving and Guy, of Freeport, sons of Warren and Sarah Swett Bear, and grandsons of the late Moses and Fannie Cummings Swett, visited their birthplace Wednesday on the old Moses Swett property, now owned by Ella Bowker. All that is left is the cellar, grown up with large trees. While here they visited at Abbott Mills cemetery where some of their relatives are buried.

Mrs. Ethel Crockett of Bethel and Mrs. Winola Billings were in Rumford Friday.

Miss Vivian Brown and mother, Mrs. Brown, Miss Beas Strole and Miss Ruth Hemingway of Rumford were Sunday evening guests at Miss Clara Jackson's.

Harry Poland shot a deer one day last week.

Alton York of West Paris is visiting his sister, Mrs. Davis, for a few days.

Funeral services for Elbridge Llewellyn Buck were held Thursday at 2 o'clock at the home. Rev. Eleanor B. Forbes, pastor of the Universalist Church in West Paris, officiated. Bearers were Dana Dudley, Albert Felt, George Cushman, and Edwin Perham, Grange members. Interment was in the Abbott Mills cemetery in Rumford.

Rowe Hill, Greenwood

Mrs. Elsie Hinkley and children of Bethel spent a day recently with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elton Dunham.

Mr. Heath of Gorham, N. H., was at Camp Schowisha one day the first of the week.

Billy Ring of Bryant Pond visited his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Colby Ring, a few days this week.

Mable Dunham worked for Clyde Dunham at Locke Mills Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Colby Ring and grandsons, Billy Ring of Bryant Pond and Daniel Ring of South Paris were in Lewiston Sunday to see Hope and Albert Ring. Mrs. Newton Bryant went as far as Mechanic Falls with them and visited there.

Delphon Howe of Gorham was at his place here over the week-end. Ernest Brooks worked him Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Osmond Palmer had visitors from Berlin Sunday.

Ray Hanscom has received a 1939 Pennsylvania license plate number PA00 from the Department of Revenue of that state to add to his collection.

STATE OF MAINE

To all persons interested in either of the Estates hereinafter named: At a Probate Court, held at Paris in and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-eight, from day to day from the third Tuesday of said October. The following matters having been presented for the action thereupon hereinafter indicated, it is hereby Ordered:

That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford County Citizen a newspaper published at Bethel, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the third Tuesday of November, A. D. 1938, at 10 of the clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

Fred W. Sanborn, late of Upton, deceased. First account presented for allowance by Ellsworth S. Lane, administrator.

Witness, Albert J. Stearns, Judge of said Court at Paris, this 18th day of October in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-eight.

45 EATLER, CLIFFORD, Registrar.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that I am living apart from my wife, Jennie K. Brown, for just cause and that I shall not be responsible for any bills or obligations contracted by her.

Dated at Bethel, Maine, this 18th day of October, 1938.

GEORGE M. BROWN

Bryant Pond

There was a good attendance at the Halloween social and dance given by the Grange at the hall Saturday evening. Dr. D. E. Plaisted and the dancing girls of Auburn were there. Piano and mandolin selections by two young ladies from Norway were much enjoyed.

The Adoniram Judson supper in Burmese style was given at the Social Hall Wednesday night. Rev. James MacKillop sponsored the supper. The Misses Beatrice Hathaway, Margaret Howe, Velma Cummings and Thelma MacKillop wore Burmese styles and acted as waitresses.

Mrs. Ada Abbott is ill.

Mrs. Anna Hayes and son Elmer of Greenwood spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hayes.

Eugene Ordway has moved his family to the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ordway.

Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Churchill and family have moved from the Edward Pike place to the downstairs rent in the former Lena Felt house.

Theodore Chase, Mrs. Inez Whitman, and the Misses Edith and Clara Whitman went to Lewiston Saturday afternoon. From there they went to Oakland where they were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Taylor and family. Mr. Taylor gets around on crutches but has not had the cast taken off his leg yet.

Mrs. William Brume and daughters, Pauline and Janis, of Portland are the guests of her sister, Mrs. Abner H. Mann, and husband.

Harold Johnson returned Wednesday from Brooks where he was the guest of relatives.

Miss Barbara Cole spent the week-end in Rumford, the guest of relatives.

Mrs. Oscar Twitchell, who has been the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Ellsworth McDonald, of Sebago has returned home.

Mrs. Florence Cushman, who has been visiting her son, Robert Cushman, and family at Auburn for a few days, has returned home.

Mrs. Myrtle Hayes is able to be at her work in the mill after being ill with an infected finger.

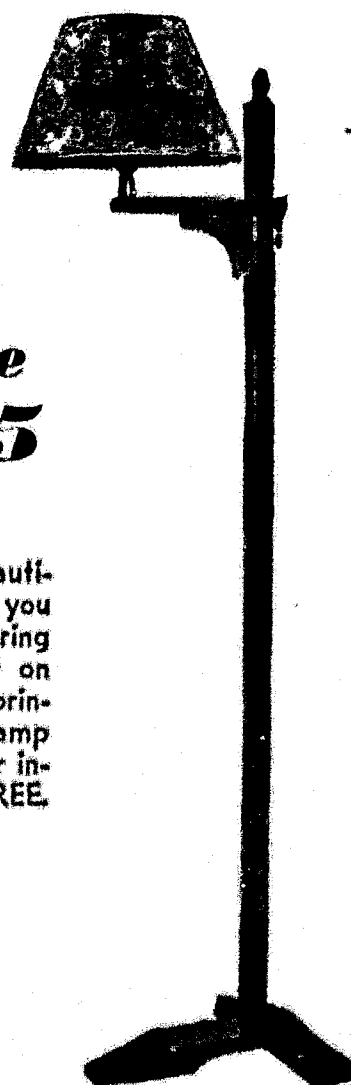
Herman Fuller has gone to Upton to work in the store of his uncle, Walter Fuller. Lloyd Fuller has been working there for some time.

Light Condition Your Home With These 3 Unusual Values--

← OFFER NO. 1

This
\$4.55 Value
Only \$2.95

Includes one \$3.50 Better Light-Better Sight, Maple Combination Table and Walllamp, one carton of six Mazda lamps up to and including 100-watt size, and one 100-watt Mazda Lamp... a \$4.55 retail value... all for \$2.95.



OFFER NO. 2

Another
\$4.55 Value
Only \$2.95

You'll want one of these beautiful maple lamps the minute you see it. Made in our neighboring state of Vermont. It is built on the Better Light-Better Sight principle with reflector. This lamp regularly sells for \$4.55. Offer includes one 100-watt bulb FREE.

Features—

- Well Proportioned
- Finely Designed
- Maple Finish
- Distinctive Quality
- Good Lighting
- Approved Cord

A \$1.05
Value for
90¢

Consists of any six Mazda Lamps including all sizes up to 100-watt, with an extra 100-watt FREE. Each lamp regularly sells for 15 cents.

CENTRAL MAINE
POWER COMPANY

ON DISPLAY AT ANY OF OUR STORES

Through a Glass Darkly

By OTTO GILES
© D. J. Walsh - WNU Service.

THE general manager of the company was in a temper—a fearful one, the outer office decided—and it really wasn't their fault, singly or en masse, that Miss Walker, his private secretary, had up and got married right in the midst of the most important convention of the year. But they—the outer office—reflected gloomily that it was those she left behind her who would suffer for her detour into the path of romance unless the SOS call sent out to the agencies that morning resulted in the speedy appearance of a super-efficient secretary.

"It's a confounded nuisance," growled the general manager to the vice president, "every time I get a girl trained to do my work the way I want it done, she goes and gets married."

"Oh, well," remarked the vice president, unsympathetically, "there's just as good fish in the sea—"

SHORT SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

"What of it?" demanded the general manager crossly. "Even if I find another good girl, she's certain to leave me in the lurch at a critical time like this just to marry some stripling who probably makes less money than she does."

"Haven't your secretaries all been rather — ah — attractive-appearing young women?" asked the vice

president thoughtfully.

"How do I know?" said the general manager, wearily, glancing at his watch and mentally anathematizing the employment agencies.

"Why not ask an agency to send a competent girl who would not be so—so matrimonially eligible, as it were; glasses, say, severely dressed hair and—"

"I'll do it. I'll call up now and tell them I want a girl whose looks just naturally place her in the spinster sisterhood."

With the advent of Miss Mary Marshall the dove of peace appeared to have established its residence in the office of the general manager. Miss Marshall was efficient, she was self-effacing, she was zealous in the performance of all the many aggravating details that so irk a busy executive. The general manager occasionally wondered how on earth he had managed to get along without her. Salesmen never paid the slightest attention to her exits or entrances. With her hair drawn tightly back without even a part, with heavy horn-rimmed glasses and with an unvarying, uniformlike costume of dark blue with severe white collar and cuffs, she made no bid for masculine admiration.

"Until next week Thursday, then," Miss Marshall, concluded the general manager, somewhat hesitantly, as he took the traveling bag that she had arranged to have sent from his hotel as soon as she had learned of his decision to take a sudden trip east.

It was 6 o'clock. The outer office was empty and Miss Marshall

wanting to finish a few extra tasks caused by the unexpected departure of the general manager, threw the heavy, horn-rimmed glasses on the desk with a sigh of relief. Even though the glass in them did resemble window glass, the frame irritated her nose. Her hair had been too tightly strained back for comfort, that morning, so she took out the hairpins and let the mass of brown curls fall loose. Then she went on with her work. She was too absorbed in it to notice the door open and the thick rug silenced the footsteps of the intruder. Accordingly, Mary literally bounded up from her chair when a hand reached out and picked up her glasses from the desk. The general manager smiled quizzically as he raised them to his eyes and looked at her through them.

"I decided to take the Century and so put off my trip until tomorrow," he began brusquely. "As a matter of fact I felt so darned lonesome when I got to the station that I just had to come back to you," he wound up in an entirely different tone.

"Glasses and all?"

"Glasses and horrible coiffure and boarding-school uniform and all, you little hypocrite," said the general manager. "I've been wise to you since the night you dined at the Brake and the six feet of good-looking masculinity that I longed at the time to annihilate. I felt better the next day when the clerk informed me that the Adonis who had got me so green-eyed was Robert Marshall of Greenville."

Mary blushed.

"However did you recognize me?"

she asked.

"Just because you're entirely different from any other girl in the world. I'd know you in an Eskimo's outfit," said the general manager, taking a small plush box from his pocket.

"The marrying jinx is sure on the trail of any girl who takes that secretary job," decided the outer office cynically.

Cameras Barred by Village

Hating cameras and loathing photographers, villagers of Staphorst, in east Holland, have forbidden strangers to take pictures there. Two young visitors who were taking snapshots recently were knocked down and badly beaten. Staphorst is a picturesque place, the people wear old-fashioned, quaint costumes and the houses are painted pale blue. The villagers recognize all this, but resent the invasion of their privacy by candid camera amateurs.

Locke Mills

Alberta Baker, little daughter of Alphonse Baker, was taken to Berlin Saturday where she submitted to a tonsil operation.

Lee Mills, Bryant Pond, has employment at E. L. Tebbets Spool Co.

Sidney Bartlett is building a house.

WHEN IN SOUTH PARIS

Stop at

O. K. CLIFFORD CO., Inc.

and get

6 GALLONS OF
BLUE SUNOCO

GAS for \$1.00

Is Constipation making you feel Sluggish, Languid, Out-of-sorts? Remember:

Dr. Trues' Elixir

For 86 years

this family medicine for young and

old has been an aid in relieving constipation

... Agreeable to take ... Try it ... At Druggists ...

THE TRUE FAMILY LAXATIVE AND ROUND WORM EXPELLER

BETHEL BUILDERS AND BOOSTERS

Stand, year in and year out, ready to serve you and the best interests of your town

ELECTROL

The Oil Burner that means economy, with service behind it. Let us quote installed prices.

Heating and Plumbing
Also Mill Work as Usual

H. ALTON BACON
BRYANT POND, MAINE

THE BETHEL NATIONAL BANK

BETHEL, MAINE

IN BUSINESS

SINCE 1906

Member F. D. I. C.

MEN'S

SUEDE JACKETS

Lined

Zipper Front

SPECIAL PRICE \$5.98

WORTH \$8.00

Rowe's

GUY MORGAN'S SERVICE STATION

Lubrication

Oil Changing

TYDOL AND ESSO

PRODUCTS

Phone 41-4

Those who have real interest in their home town will find it advantageous to patronize local concerns--Citizen advertisers. These merchants, and their customers are real Builders and Boosters.

I. L. CARVER

SHELL
RANGE AND
FUEL OIL

PROMPT SERVICE
METERED TRUCKS

BETHEL, MAINE

ST. REGIS

and

CHALLENGE

ALARM CLOCKS

90¢

**BOSSERMAN'S DRUG
STORE**

BETHEL, MAINE

YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD STORE

School Supplies

Bakery Products

Home Cooking

Hot Lunches

Large Line of
FRESH COOKIES

Farwell & Wight

Phone 117-6

GOOD QUALITY TYPEWRITER PAPER

500 SHEETS—50¢

and up

or 20¢ to 75¢ lb.

ENVELOPES

FOR EVERY PURPOSE

in stock in

24

grades and sizes

CITIZEN OFFICE

'MICKEY' AND HIS GANG



Sam Iger

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Twenty-five words or less, one week, 25 cents; second week, 15 cents; each additional week, 10 cents.

Each word more than 25, one cent per word the first week, and one-half cent per word each succeeding week.

Any changes of copy after first insertion will be considered a new advertisement and charged accordingly.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Hand picked Northern Spy and Red Delicious Apples, 2 1/2 in. minimum. All sprayed fruit. EDMUND C. SMITH, Bethel. 44

BUNGALOW FOR SALE—5 rooms and bath, steam heat, garage. FRED I. CLARK. 291f

YARNS FOR RUGS AND HAND KNITTING. Samples and knitting directions, free. H. A. BARTLETT, Harmony, Maine. 46

FOR SALE—A few tons of early cut upland hay, harvested in perfect condition. A bargain if taken soon. ELLIOTT RICH, Paradise Hill. 44p

FOR SALE—Thorough-bred Hampshire Down Ram, 1 1/2 yrs. old. H. S. STANLEY, Bethel. 45p

MISCELLANEOUS

Firacurus, Ammunition, and Trap-pers' Supplies, bought, sold, and exchanged by H. L. BEAN, Bethel. Maine Dealer in Raw Furs, Deer Skins, Hides and Pelts. 21f

WANTS AND SWAPS
• All subscribers to the Citizen are invited to use this department. Allowances: 25 words or less, as often as desired, by any subscriber or member of his family; no ad to run more than three weeks without change and not more than one ad from a family at a time. Not to be used for business or articles intended for resale.

Perkins Valley, Woodstock

Maud Benson is at West Paris for two weeks caring for the Field home while Mrs. Wheeler is on a vacation at her home in Bethel.

"Queenie," the pet pony of the Thurlow children, choked to death on an apple Sunday night. Mr. Thurlow tried to remove the apple, but was unsuccessful.

Emma Perham called on Mrs. George Noyes at North Paris Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Wilson and children and Myrtle Wilson of Leeds were guest over the week-end of Everett Wilson and family and Elmer Waterhouse and family.

Abner Benson is yarding lumber for Alva Hendrickson.

George Waterhouse finished trucking for Alva Hendrickson Friday, and he and Mrs. Waterhouse left early Monday morning for Fallmore, Fla., where they will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pierce and Sarah Kyllonen of West Paris were callers at Nelson Perham's Monday evening.

Oliver Lawrence has returned from Buckfield where he has been working all summer.

Vernon Poland is sawing pulp with Ned Herrick.

The children of the neighborhood have been enjoying Halloween parties at various homes.

DRY SLABS \$1.50 per Cord

DRY Bundled EDGINGS \$1.00 Cord

Will deliver near village for \$1.00 per cord extra or will saw and deliver for \$2.00 per cord.

P. H. CHADBOURNE & CO.
PHONE 129

A TRIBUTE TO MRS. GEORGIA H. McKEEN

(Contributed)
Living quietly among you, is a woman who has been a faithful worker in the Christian churches where her husband was pastor, Mrs. Georgia H. McKeen, wife of Rev. S. H. McKeen.

I find in looking over the history of the church at East Housfield, N. Y., while her husband was pastor there, from 1908 to 1911, that she was very active in the work of the church, Sunday School, and Home Department of over 100 members. She organized the World Wide Mission class of over 20 members and was their teacher during her stay there. She was also helpful in teaching the younger children, and in the singing.

What is true of her work in East Housfield is the same in other places in New York state. In Woodville, N. Y., a large Sunday School class of over 50 young people was organized, Mrs. McKeen teaching part of the class.

At Rural Hill, Christian Endeavor, mission work, and Ladies Aid were included in her work. At Charleston Four Corners, social extension work was organized, and Mrs. McKeen had 103 members in her class. At Deer River and Denmark she was active in work of church and Sunday School.

During the World War she helped in all the numerous activities, in the Red Cross work, caring for the sick in the flu epidemic, making clothing and preparing food for the sick and needy.

Not alone in New York state, but in other places where her husband was pastor, has her work for the Master been inspiring. In Berwick, Albion, and Bangor, Maine, and in Danbury, Conn., she was faithful and true.

A sweet lovable woman whose influence lives in the lives of those whom she worked among. The children, during her years at East Housfield, are now the workers of today.

LEGION AUXILIARY NOTES
The American Legion Auxiliary served the Chamber of Commerce with a 6:30 supper at their rooms Tuesday evening. The committee in charge were, Alta Meserve, Iola Forbes, Marjorie McAllister, Frances Bennett and Adeline Fish.

The Auxiliary are conducting their annual membership drive. Will the local members cooperate with their chairman, Mrs. Alta Meserve in securing 100%. The Legion is already 120%, the largest quota thus far in Oxford County.

The Legion and Auxiliary are holding a joint meeting Nov. 10 in observance of Armistice Day. All members are cordially invited.

SCHOOL SAVINGS BANK

Grade	Savings Bank	Total	PerCent
I	\$4.00	\$2.95	52
II	9.00	3.25	73
III	6.00	3.10	65
IV	3.00	2.15	64
V	\$22.00	\$11.45	
VI	\$5.00	\$3.35	55.88
VII	1.00	1.00	51.85
VIII	4.00	2.50	53.85
	1.00	.70	12.12
	\$11.00	\$8.45	

Second and Fifth have banners

GOULD ACADEMY

The final match of the girls' tennis tournament was played off last Saturday between Barbara Moore and Lucia Packard with Lucia Packard winning two out of three sets.

In the horseshoe tournament which the girls have been playing off the last few weeks the Seniors and Juniors were closely matched, each team being undefeated until they played each other, at which time the Juniors defeated the Seniors to win the Championship.

Football Dance at the Gym

Saturday, Nov. 5, the Boys' Dormitory is sponsoring a Football Dance to denote the ending of the football season of Gould Academy. The dance will start at seven-thirty and will end at ten. Included in the evening's entertainment will be "skits" put on by the boys of the dormitory. Cider and cookies will be sold as refreshments.

On Monday, Oct. 31st, a Halloween Supper was held in the Students' Home for all boarding students, consisting of especially prepared Halloween menu with appropriate favors. At 7:30 all the students of Gould Academy, together with many friends, enjoyed "The Ghost Story" by Booth Tarkington presented very capably by the Dramatic Club of the Academy, directed by Miss Frances Feagin of the faculty. The cast of character was as follows: George, Romeo Baker; Anna, Marilyn Howe; Mary, Jean Cameron; Grace, Doris Pierce; Linnie, Priscilla Duckworth; Lynn, Lloyd Kenzie; Floyd, Nathaniel Bartholomae; Tom, Earle Palmer; Fred, Theodore Cummings; Announcer, Maynard Austin.

The Honor Roll for the first marking period at Gould Academy has been announced by Principal Philip S. Sayles as follows: All students receiving grades above 90%: Seniors, Rita Salls of Locke Mills; Sophomores, June Chipman of South Poland; Freshmen, Muriel Bean, Alzona Lord and Herbertina Norton of Bethel. All students receiving grades above 85%: Post-Graduates, Barbara Moore of Bethel; Seniors, Mary Clough, Arlene Greenleaf, Helen Lowe, Laurice Morrill, Lydia Norton and Murray Thurston of Bethel, Elizabeth Field of Hebron, Carolyn Swift and Claire Tebbets of Locke Mills; Juniors, Madelyn Bird and Kathryn Davis of Bethel, Mary Buck of Naples, Barbara Cummings of Hanover and Anne Ring of Locke Mills; Sophomores, Natalie Foster of Bethel and Fern Lane of Newry; Freshmen, Hope Bean, Arthur Chayer, Elizabeth Gorman, Sally Lake, Susie Lovejoy, and Ruth Walker of Bethel, Rachel Field of Hebron, Madelyn Jordan of Locke Mills, Betty Runyon of Waterford and Helen Williamson of Newry.

Certain privileges are granted to students obtaining an average of 85% in all subjects, with no grade below 80. Those receiving special privileges are: Post-graduates, Gladys Clark, Helen Ollis and Barbara Moore; Seniors, Maynard Austin, Sylvia Bird, Mary Clough, Florence Deegan, Elizabeth Field, Ar-

West Bethel

Beverly Kneeland spent the week-end in Lewiston, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Phenney. Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Bennett were in Norway one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Abbott and daughters, Joyce and Marilyn, were in Portland over the week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Byron Abbott.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Johnson and Richard Bean of Portland were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Bennett.

Allen McKenzie has gone to Upton to work for M. J. Marshall. Charlie Abbott, son of Mr. and Mrs. Byron Abbott of South Portland, is the guest of his uncle, Carroll Abbott, and family for a week.

Albert Bennett has finished work in Glead.

Cleve Kneeland of Salem was the guest of his sister, Mrs. Fred Lovejoy, and family the first of the week.

The Halloween Party which was held last Friday evening at the Grange Hall under the auspices of the School League, was well attended and a sum of \$10 was received.

Bert Bean of Dixfield is the guest of his aunt, Mrs. Carrie Goodnow. Mr. and Mrs. Philip Anderson and family, Miss Kay Foster and Mrs. Ella Goodridge from Cumberland Mills were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Roland Kneeland and Mrs. Estella Goodridge.

Irene Greenleaf, Helen Lowe, Barbara Lyon, Dwight Morrill, Laurice Morrill, Lydia Norton, Rita Salls, Carolyn Swift, Claire Tebbets, Murray Thurston and Kathleen Wright, Juniors, Madelyn Bird, Mary Buck, Barbara Cummings, Kathryn Davis, Erma Richardson, Anne Ring, Alida Verrill and Sherman Williams; Sophomores, Romeo Baker, Amy Bennett, Erik Brown, June Chipman, Filmore Clough, Natalie Foster, Howard Grover, Muriel Hall, Fern Lane, Barbara Luxton, Lucia Packard, Robert Perry and Joyce Swan; Freshmen, Virgil Adams, Hope Bean, Muriel Bean, Emma Blake, Gretchen Brooks, Arthur Chayer, Marlon Colby, Rachel Field, Dorothy Fish, Elizabeth Gorman, Madelyn Jordan, Sally Lake, Patricia Laverty, Herbertina Norton, Susie Lovejoy, Betty Runyon, Ruth Walker and Helen Williamson.

The Girl Reserves held their annual party for prospective new members Thursday afternoon. After school some of the girls went on a hike while others stayed in the gym and danced. At four-thirty the sponsors, women teachers, and about 75 girls met at the gym. They were divided into groups, each group performing some stunt. Then dancing was resumed until refreshments of hot dogs, rolls, cake and coffee were served at five-thirty. After supper June Little and Kathryn Davis, in the absence of the Music Chairman, Claire Tebbets, led in singing and we closed with "Follow the Glean."

CHURCH ACTIVITIES

Sunday, November 6th

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
Rev. Herbert T. Wallace, Minister
9:30 a. m. Sunday School,
11:00 a. m. Morning worship.
Armistice Day Service. Sermon subject, "The World and the Church."
6:30 p. m. Pilgrim Fellowship.

METHODIST CHURCH

Rev. M. A. Gordon, Pastor
9:45 Church School. Arthur Gray, superintendent.
11 a. m. Sunday Morning Worship. Anthem, "The Giver," by the Choir. John Anderson, leader. Mrs. Mildred Lyon, organist. Subject of sermon, "The Way to Peace."
6:30 Epworth League.
7:30 Evening Service. Prayer, Hymns, Favorite Verses, Poems. Short message on the church.
Group meeting Nov. 8.
Mothers' Club meets Nov. 9.
Men's Brotherhood meets Nov. 28. It will be observed as Ladies' Night.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY

Services Sunday morning at 10:45. "Adam and Fallen Man" is the subject of the Lesson-Sermon that will be read in all churches of Christ, Scientist, on Sunday, Nov. 6. The Golden Text is: "He that is of the earth is earthy, and speaketh of the earth: he that cometh from heaven is above all" (John 3: 31). The citations from the Bible include the following passages: "And God said, Let us make man in our image; after our likeness; So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them. But there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground. And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul" (Genesis 1: 26, 27; 2: 6, 7).

The Lesson-Sermon also includes selections from the Christian Science Textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" by Mary Baker Eddy.

Wednesday testimonial meeting at 7:30 p. m.

BIRTHS

In East Bethel, Oct. 27, to the wife of Norman Ford of Bethel, a daughter, Mary Elisabeth.

MARRIAGES

In Rangeley, Oct. 26, by Rev. C. B. Frederick, Norman O. Thurston of Errol, N. H., and Miss Eunice M. Linnell of Magalloway Plantation. In Bethel Oct. 23, by Rev. Herbert T. Wallace, Carl Littlehale and Miss Marjorie Bennett, both of Wilson's Mills.

GARDEN CLUB OF BETHEL

The annual meeting of the Garden Club will be held Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 9th, at three o'clock at the home of Mrs. Philip Sayles. The report of the nominating committee will be presented. A special feature of the meeting is a display of winter bouquets arranged by the members.

ODEON HALL, Bethel

Adults 55c—Children 20c Show begins at 8:10 P. M.

Friday-Saturday, Nov. 4-5

Warner Baxter—Marjorie Weaver

I'LL GIVE A MILLION

TUESDAY

NOV. 8

CASH NIGHT

\$10 \$10 \$10

NUMBERS WILL BE DRAWN UNTIL A PRIZE IS AWARDED.

Joe E. Brown—June Travis

GLADIATOR

Coming—ALWAYS GOODBYE

BRYANT'S MARKET

MEATS	Friday and Saturday	FRESH FISH	Tuesdays and Fridays
IG A Market		IG A	
Boneless		PANCAKE FLOUR	pkg. 10c
SIRLOIN ROAST	lb. 20c	Superba Cane and Maple	
Boneless		PANCAKE SYRUP 3/4 pt.	19c
CHUCK ROAST	lb. 24c	Krakikrisp Wheat Flakes	10c
Fresh Shoulders 6-8 lbs.	lb. 18c	Swift's Allsweet	
BLUE "G" COFFEE	lb. 25c	MARGARINE	lb. pkg. 22c
Beautiful Cup and Saucer	FREE	Belmont Chocolates	lb. box 20c
IG A Rolled Oats	1 lb. pkg. 17c	IG A All Purpose	
Clover Sliced		COCOA	lb. can 12c
BACON	lb. 28c	IG A PITTED DATES	10 oz. 14c
Prince Albert Tobacco	can 10c	IVORY SOAP	med. bar 5c
FRESH FRUITS AND		OAMAY SOAP	bar 6c
VEGETABLES		KRISPY CRACKERS	lb. 15c

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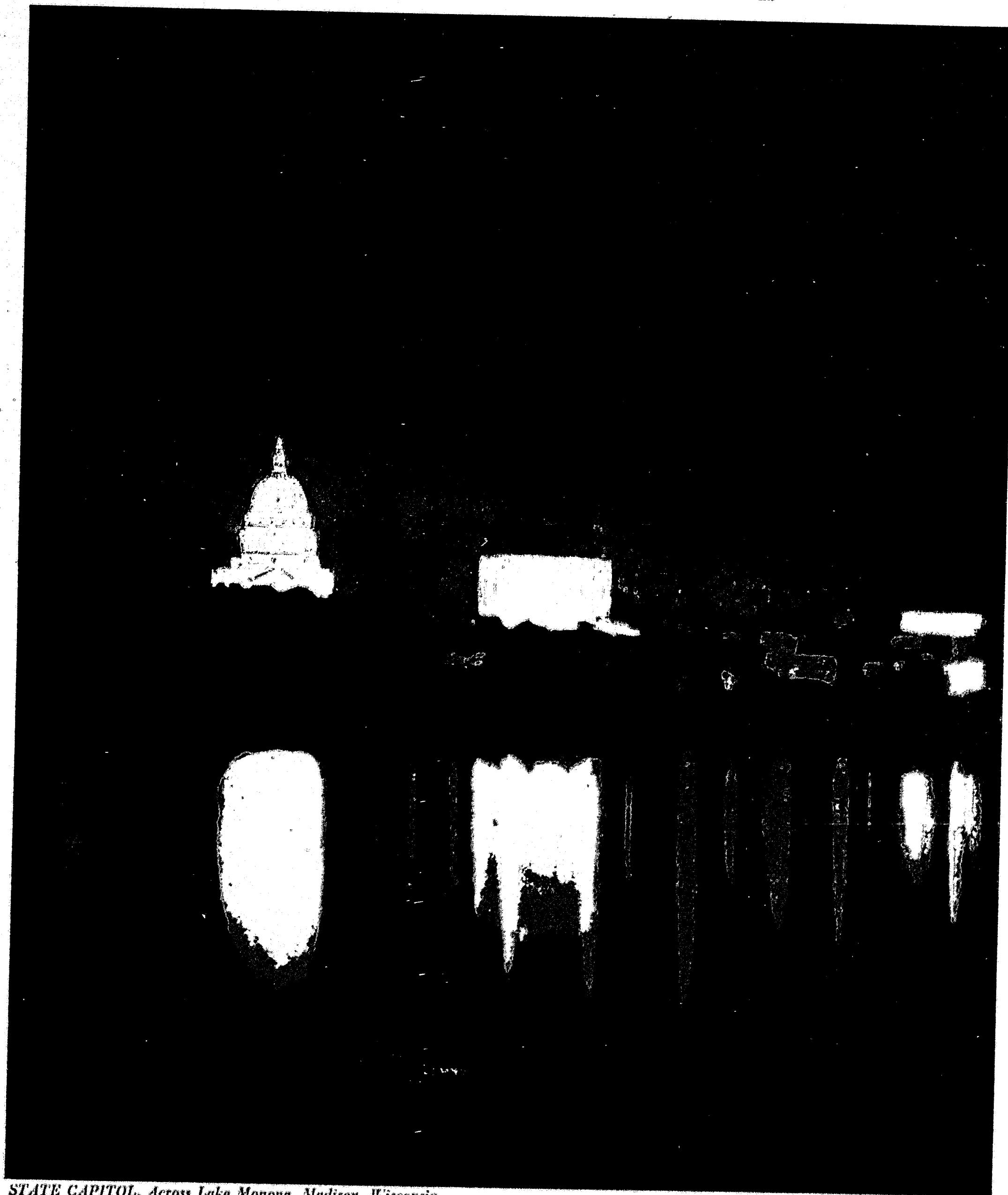
WEEKLY MAGAZINE SECTION

REGISTERED UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE

BETHEL
Oxford County
CITIZEN

Bethel, Maine

Thursday, November 10, 1938



STATE CAPITOL, Across Lake Monona, Madison, Wisconsin

GO EAST, YOUNG MAN *by* Dorothy Purcell Lewis

THEY SAT in drawing room A as icily polite as only two people can be who have discovered that their three-year-old marriage is a mistake. They were Mr. and Mrs. Roddy Parks. Except for Aunt Helen's quixotic whim, Mrs. Roddy Parks, familiarly called Ginny by all the people in San Francisco who mattered, would have been established in Reno and well on her way to marrying Kerry Lathrop who was steady and serious and successful in business, definitely unlike Roddy. And except for Aunt Helen, Roddy would gladly have helped Ginny carry out her plan, so that he could marry Dessie True who was short and blond, the exact opposite of Ginny.

Aunt Helen had been the stumbling block. She refused to see how tragically mismatched Ginny and Roddy were. "Stuff," she'd muttered gruffly. "If you can't make a go of it the first time, you can't make the second." She went further. She said that if Ginny, her only living relative, should get a divorce, she would disinherit her. Since Ginny, with or without a fortune, compared to that paragon of femininity, Dessie True, in no way concerned Roddy, Aunt Helen had employed craft. She promised to make Ginny and Roddy co-heirs if they would conscientiously try for one year an experiment she had in mind. But if on their honor they followed the plan and failed, they could get their divorce and marry whom-ever they pleased. At her death her fortune would be equally divided between them. "After all," she concluded abruptly, "one year out of your lives when neither of you has reached the quarter century mark can't do any permanent damage."

"I wish," Roddy said now through stiff lips, seemingly intent on the flying landscape, "that Aunt Helen didn't believe everything she saw in print. It's asinine to sit here and realize that an article written by a chap called Crowder on 'The Ten Commandments of Marriage' is behind all this nonsense."

"If only Aunt Helen hadn't stressed the honor angle, we could take an apartment in New York. But she had to choose Carthage, New Jersey, simply because she once spent a summer there, and because the first commandment says that the safest place to stay married is on the Middle Atlantic seaboard!"

"Tomorrow we buy a charming cottage. Then we select a bunch of furniture and a hungry hound that we'll learn to love. After that you gossip with the neighbors over darning my socks while I run a one-horse book store because I have a yen to write. And we aren't to boss each other. That's the sixth commandment." Roddy smashed his cigarette butt against the window sill.

"When I see you flinging ashes everywhere and doddering around taking an hour to dress—"

"When I see you making a fool of yourself over every man in sight—"

"There won't be any men in sight," Ginny broke in coldly. "Just you."

"Don't forget," countered Roddy staunchly, "that you must allow me room to assert my ego. I'm to be me—not what you think I should be. Nor must we forget," he continued inexorably, "that sex and money are the rocks upon which most marriages fail. You must realize that aside from the cottage, which Aunt Helen is to pay for as stipulated, the income from my trust fund buys everything: furniture, rent for the shop, books, the hound and provisions."

Ginny shuddered. "When I think of our apartment in San Francisco—"

"Besides the inconveniences, we must conscientiously strive to love one another—in the real meaning of the word. We are to share interests. We must be sympathetic."

"I wonder if it's worth it," Ginny said. "Too late now to wonder. Anyway it's only for a year. Twelve months."

"It wouldn't be so hopeless if we didn't each love somebody else," said Ginny desperately.

"Are you telling me? When I think of Dessie and the things that can happen to her, I mean, what if she couldn't wait—"

"At least," Ginny was thoroughly heartless, "Kerry is loyal. He said that he'd wait for me until his last day on earth."

"Humph!" It was quite insulting, the contempt Roddy put into those four linked consonants.

IT WAS FIVE O'CLOCK on a cold February day one month later that Ginny sat



Illustrated
by
SKRENDa

in a low chair facing Mary Knowles, her caller, who was sipping tea in the winged chair on the opposite side of the hearth. Between them lay Jock, the collie that Roddy had discovered.

Oddly enough Ginny found herself liking this girl who worked in the post office, in spite of her mousey coloring and slightly prominent nose. Unlike the handful of older women who had called on Ginny, Mary Knowles was surprisingly well informed on current topics and never once descended to local gossip. And when she said, "You've made this room quite livable with the warm tone of rose you've used in painting the walls," Ginny was curiously pleased by the unexpected tribute.

"Roddy and I did them ourselves the first week that we moved in," she explained. "Roddy painted the ceiling and had a crack in his neck for days afterward."

When her caller had gone Ginny stood at the living room window, her nose flattened against the cold glass, watching for Roddy. She was wearing a navy skirt and sweater enveloped in a crisp yellow anorak. Her cropped hair was a mass of tangled chestnut curls because she had discovered that a finger wave was no

more than a gesture against the all-pervading dampness of the ocean two short blocks away.

It was 6:15. Already Roddy was fifteen minutes late. Ginny discovered that her caller had left her with a desperate nostalgia for normal contacts. She wondered, as she always did, what Kerry was doing each hour of the day. His daily letter which had come in the afternoon mail had been unsatisfactory as to dates and places. Too, the wide discrepancy in time between Carthage and San Francisco spoiled any parallels she liked to draw. She felt a sudden desperate need of Kerry. When Roddy swung into view, his open coat flapping in the gale, his bare head flung back and his jaw slightly forward, she struggled to get hold of herself.

She wondered dully why Roddy pretended he had to stay at work each evening until six o'clock. He hadn't sold a half dozen books in four weeks. She knew by heart the quick way he huddled their three low front steps on to the square of porch and flung open the door,

his careless smile masking his discomfort over another "no sale" day in the book store.

"Hi, Jock!" He bent to ruffle the pup's silky ears. Ginny was always surprised at the odd inflection of Roddy's voice when he spoke to the dog.

"How's business?" It was the usual inquiry in the same crisply matter-of-fact tone, and until tonight Ginny had considered it a masterpiece. But now, standing by the table while Roddy shrugged out of his coat and hung it in the closet, her words sounded flat and lifeless, thoroughly uninterested.

"Not so good." After conscientiously kissing the corner of her mouth he went to stand with his back to the fire. "That Mrs. Goodwin who called on you and gave you her recipe for maple pecan rolls came in today. I recognized her from your description before she introduced herself; it didn't seem reasonable that anyone else would have three black

Ginny shook her head. Big tears ran down her cheeks. "I can't do it, Roddy," she said. "I can't leave Jock. You go, I don't believe I want to. Besides, I like it here."

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After three years of being married, Roddy and Ginny wanted to call the whole thing off . . . but Aunt Helen was not so easily convinced that their differences couldn't be patched up if conditions were favorable

moles on her forehead and protruding teeth. She told me that she wanted a good book. She bluntly refused all of my suggestions. 'I want a good old-fashioned love story,' she told me, and sniffed disdainfully when I couldn't produce one. Can you fancy that?' Roddy's mouth twisted. 'With a face like hers and fifty years old if she's a day she wants a love story. By the way, she said that she thought you were 'dandy.' Just an old-fashioned girl who loved to cook and exchange recipes.'

AFTER THE DISHES were washed and stacked in the blue cupboards, Ginny automatically slipped into her navy reefer and pulled a snug green felt hat down over her curls while Roddy shrugged into his overcoat. With Jock prancing at their heels they started toward the boardwalk for their evening jaunt.

They braced themselves against the buffeting wind that flung salt spray into their faces and drenched their coats and matted Roddy's bare head into a cluster of curls. 'It's exciting,' gasped Ginny, finding an odd pleasure in matching her step to Roddy's swinging gait.

They had tramped along for about a mile when Roddy said, 'You know, Ginny, I believe I'll order a bunch of those love stories. Suppose we can afford to go in any steeper?'

It seemed too utterly ridiculous to invest in more books, with Roddy's monthly stipend already signed up months in advance. Ginny swallowed, lifted her voice above the screaming wind. 'If you think that's what they want, Roddy.'

Roddy stopped stock-still, staring down at her. 'What's wrong?' she demanded.

'Nothing. Only the way you said 'you' sounded as if you think my judgment counts.'

'It does,' she said. And recalled how he had ordered more books than he could possibly sell, and the way he had insisted on renting a shop twice the size he needed. She looked up to see him staring down at her with that look of disbelief in his eyes. Suddenly she hated herself for the lack of conviction that had been in her voice when she answered him.

ball, not seeming to hear her. 'Of all the luck!' His mouth twisted. 'My income has been cut in half through unfortunate investments when I'm already in debt over my ears, and the book shop rent is due next week.' His stony gaze swung away from Ginny's face to stare blindly out of the window.

Ginny's mouth opened and closed, while her numb fingers stuffed Kerry's letter into her yellow sweater pocket. To tell Roddy in the face of that! She could not—he'd insist that she go to Kerry. If only Aunt Helen hadn't been inflexible about pointing out that if either of them broke the contract, neither would profit. Her money would go to charity—and Roddy couldn't marry Dessie on one hundred and fifty dollars a month. It wasn't fair.

When Roddy had gone to work, Ginny wrote a letter to Kerry and carried it over to the post office.

'Ginny,' Mary Knowles called from behind the stamp window. 'Mr. Krayle, in the real estate office across the street, asked me whether I thought there was any chance of you and Roddy renting your cottage for the summer. He has a party from Philadelphia who is willing to pay eight hundred dollars for it.'

'It sounds like fate,' Ginny muttered faintly. 'The apartment over Roddy's shop is vacant. I suppose we could live there.'

Fifteen minutes later Ginny had signed the lease, and she dashed to Roddy to tell him about it. As usual the shop was deserted. Roddy was slumped dejectedly in a chair behind the counter, and struggled to his feet at Ginny's unexpected appearance. When she explained her errand he glared down at her savagely, refusing to give her the key to the dismal apartment overhead. Finally, after listening to her insist that it would give her something to do, decorating a new place, he grudgingly consented to lead her up the dingy outside stairway.

Ginny's heart sank when she saw the dark, musty rooms. 'It's not so bad,' she said with forced gaiety. There was something about the droop of Roddy's usually gallant carriage that surprised her. It occurred to her that he was a

TOWN COVER:

STATE CAPITOL Across Lake Monona MADISON, WISCONSIN

Madison, gateway to Wisconsin's land of lakes, is the capital of the state and an educational, manufacturing and agricultural center. The city proper is built upon a hilly isthmus between three of the four lakes around it and is known as "The Four Lake City." Floodlighting makes the capitol dome clearly visible at night for miles around.

In Madison, on the shore of Lake Mendota, is the 1000-acre campus of the University of Wisconsin, which has more than 11,000 students. On the shore of Lake Wingra is the 900-acre University Arboretum, recognized as one of the most outstanding in the country. Its aim is to grow within its boundaries specimens of every flower, plant, shrub and tree that is native to Wisconsin.

The United States Forest Products Laboratory, Madison's "million dollar glass house," is the first of its kind in the world and is still the only one in the country.

Madison's many parks afford facilities for every form of recreation, beautiful camp sites, and summer and winter sports.

more fun to decorate your own house.

But Roddy said, staring at the metamorphosed rooms, 'You have a real flair for making a home out of nothing, Ginny.'

RODDY worked until eleven and twelve o'clock at night now. There were always customers coming in or going out. The screen door banged incessantly. Each time that Ginny in the apartment overhead heard the sharp clap she felt a fierce, responsive exultation. 'Listen to that, Jock,' she'd glow. 'Those summer colonists are buying up all of Roddy's books.'

'The best part is,' Roddy grinned one night over his hurried dinner, 'they've bought up not only the love stories that were moving, but they've cleaned out the books I bought last January. I had to put in a fresh order today. We ought to have a party to celebrate.'

'Whom shall we have?' Ginny agreed with alacrity.

her blue slacks, and she stooped over and wrapped her arms around his neck.

GINNY and Roddy were leaving for California on the twenty-sixth of December. They celebrated Christmas with a miniature tree for Jock with rubber balls and dolls that squeaked. Jock pranced from Roddy to Ginny, laying his treasures in their outstretched hands.

'He'll miss us,' Roddy said stiffly.

'He'll forget us,' Ginny remarked in a flat voice. 'He's fond of Mary and she's crazy about him. And she has a big back yard.'

When Mary dropped in to get him later that evening, Roddy painstakingly fastened Jock's new leash to his harness. 'Good-bye, boy,' he muttered, and pretended to be wholly concerned with helping Mary down the three low steps so that she wouldn't fall.

'It'll be a grand place for him,' Ginny said stoutly when Mary and Jock had hurried away.

'Great,' Roddy agreed. 'Don't forget the taxi will be here on the dot at nine o'clock.'

AT EIGHT-THIRTY the next morning Roddy and Ginny were waiting on the front porch for the taxi. Roddy looked unfamiliar with his coat snugly belted and a hat on his ruddy hair.

'Isn't it exciting to be going?' Ginny said briskly.

'Swell.' He lighted a cigarette, frowning. 'The taxi's late. By Jove! Look what's coming.'

From around the corner Jock dashed toward them, trailing his leash and yards of clothesline. 'I'll be darned!' Roddy's voice was gruff as the pup leaped up on him in a frenzy of joy before jumping wildly on Ginny, staining their clothes with his muddy paws. 'Here, get down, old fellow. I'll wipe that mud off your skirt, Ginny.' He unfolded a white square of handkerchief.

Ginny shook her head. 'I can't do it, Roddy. I can't leave Jock. You go, I don't believe I want to. I like it here.'

'Don't be silly,' Roddy said sternly. 'You'll forget him when you get away. You'll forget all this.'

Ginny swallowed. 'I don't believe that I want to forget. It's been real and satisfying—the only time that I've ever felt necessary.'

'Do you mean that, Ginny?' Roddy's mouth was drawn into a straight line, his grey eyes wondering.

'Hurry, Roddy,' Ginny urged. 'You'll miss your train. Forget about us—there's the taxi now.'

'Forget about you and Jock? Oh, Ginny, you darned little idiot, that's what I've been trying to do for months and months. It can't be done. I thought you knew how I felt after reading that stuff I wrote.'

'But that was Dessie, Roddy.'

'That was you, darling,' Roddy said gravely. 'I wrote the darn thing, I guess I ought to know.'

EAST, YOUNG MAN

'Weren't you the one who insisted on a collic when I yearned for a pocket edition pup?' she demanded, tucking her arm lightly through Roddy's. 'I'm fonder of Jock than I could possibly be of a toy breed. Here, Jock,' she shouted, and Jock pranced toward her from the bench like a fractious circus horse, depositing a slimy mass of seaweed in her outstretched hand.

'He's a darling,' she said, and felt her lips quiver for no reason at all—except that all at once she was sorry for all three of them. Until now she had pitied only herself. Now the three of them seemed inexorably linked together. She wondered what would happen to Jock when the year was over and she and Roddy returned to California.

THE MORNING post on a day late in May brought Ginny and Roddy each a bulky letter. Ginny carried them into the sunny, glass-enclosed breakfast porch, dropping Roddy's in his outstretched hand, and sitting hers open. This morning as her eyes raced over the pages covered with Kerry's fine, neat penmanship her heart pounded. Kerry had had a substantial raise in salary and his stock in the company had tripled. 'And now, darling,' he had written, 'you must abandon your aunt's nonsensical schemes and catch the first plane home. Wire me when to expect you.'

'Roddy—'

Roddy crumpled his letter into a hard

totally different person from the easy-going boy who had left California six short months before. She wondered if she had changed, and was startled when Roddy said abruptly, 'You're a funny kid, Ginny. I had no idea you could take it on the chin.'

Ginny spent the next weeks making their new home livable. She wrote in detail to Kerry about the dingy walls that had been transformed by two coats of sea-green paint. She described the white ruffled curtains at the windows, with their white and green striped overdrapes. She drew a sketch of their completed living room, marking the position of the

day bed with its soft India print, the three wicker chairs and Roddy's desk that stood between two windows where he would get a breeze.

She was hurt when Kerry's reply bristled with indignation over Roddy's permitting her to live in such shoddy surroundings. 'I've had a decorator do over my house for you, darling,' he wrote. 'Your room is in orchid and white and the living room in green and beige.' Ginny's mouth drew down at the corners. She disliked orchid—and, anyway, it was

'Aren't we enough?'

'Plenty,' she responded, curiously moved by having Roddy want only her and calling that a party.

On a Saturday morning in August, Ginny was giving Jock his weekly bath.

'Ginny,' Roddy burst into the kitchen as Jock splashed out of her soapy hands, shaking bath water over Roddy's white duck trousers. 'Here, read this.' He thrust a sheet of typed paper into her wet hands, his mouth spread in a wide grin.

'They've accepted your novel! Why, Roddy!' She stared up at him.

'I have a copy of it in the desk drawer—if you want to read it.' Roddy's

voice was uneven. 'You'll be surprised. It's a love story—not one of those namby pamby ones, but real stuff. I'm going to dedicate it to Aunt Helen. I have a hunch that old girl expected something like this.'

When Roddy had dashed back to his store, Ginny settled down to read the neatly typed sheets. Three hours later, 'He's done it,' she said. And then, 'I didn't dream a brainless girl like Dessie could ever make a man like Roddy feel that way.' Jock laid his cold nose against

by DOROTHY PURCELL LEWIS

PETER AND SUE by BEULAH FRANCE, R. N.

HATTIE'S BABY SISTER SURPRISES SUSAN AND HER MOTHER

"MOMIE, Hattie-Ann's baby sister 'Lizbeth will be ten months old this week!"

Mrs. Stewart and Susan were walking along the sidewalk toward Hattie-Ann Moore's house. Mrs. Stewart nodded her head and replied:

"You know, Sue, it sometimes seems only last week that you were ten months old. You were so cunning."

"Was I cuter than Elizabeth is, Momie?"

"Well," her mother laughed, "well probably not, but I thought you were the most wonderful little baby in the world. You were always so ready to laugh, and you rarely cried long at a time. You see, I didn't know many babies. Most of them who were brought to Daddy's office were sick or upset, and of course they cried a lot."

"Elizabeth used to cry when she was very tiny!"

"Yes, all babies cry now and then. It is their way of talking. It helps exercise their lungs and makes them grow."

Susan was shuffling through some dry leaves. She loved to hear the noise they made. "I like 'fall, Momie," she remarked. "I'm glad the trees don't die when their leaves blow off. The trees do look undressed now, don't they? Do you suppose they feel terribly cold?"

Mrs. Stewart started to answer, but Hattie-Ann came out of her house and, seeing them, called, "Hello." She ran down the path to meet them.

"Is your mother home?" asked Mrs. Stewart.

"Yes," replied Hattie-Ann. "She's inside with the baby."

"We're coming in too," cried Susan. "Is the baby awake?"

"You bet!" Hattie-Ann skipped up the path and ran up the porch steps, calling, "Mother, mother, look who's here!"

Mrs. Moore stepped to the window of her front room and tapped on the pane, beckoning them to come in. Hattie-Ann threw the front door open and the Stewarts entered.

"I'm so glad to see you both!" exclaimed Mrs. Moore. "Just take a look at that baby!"

In the center of the room stood a play pen raised up on four legs with wheels. On the floor of the play pen was a thick quilt,

and on the quilt sat the baby, playing with a woolly teddy-bear.

As Hattie-Ann and Susan came up to the play pen, Elizabeth lifted her toy in the air and laughed, showing four tiny white teeth. "Haaa, Haaa," she said, trying hard to say Hattie-Ann. Both girls laughed. Hattie-Ann took the proffered teddy-bear and, hugging it close, patted it. This delighted the baby, who clapped her hands together and laughed and laughed.

"She patty-cakes now," said Hattie-Ann proudly. "And she tries to stand up—look! look! She is going to do it now!"

The baby had hitched over to the side of the play pen and was pulling herself up to her feet. Susan watched her with awe. "Why she didn't do that when I saw her last week! Momie, see what the baby is doing?"

Mrs. Stewart and Mrs. Moore came over to the play pen. The baby, in her excitement, let go of the railing and, trying to reach up toward her mother, lost her balance and tumbled back onto the floor of the pen.

"Oh!" cried Susan. "Poor baby! She fell! Did she hurt herself badly?"

"Sshh!" whispered Hattie-Ann. "We never say 'poor baby.' It makes her sorry for herself and then she cries." Then, aloud to the baby, "So you took a tumble, did you 'Lizbeth? Well, that's all right. Roll over and try it again. You aren't hurt."

The baby lay on her "tummy" with her head raised off the floor. Her face was all puckered up and she was ready to cry. Susan bent over and was going to lift her up.

"No, no!" Hattie-Ann pulled Sue back. "Don't help her. She has got to learn to get up by herself. We don't want her to be asking always for some one to straighten her out. There, see?"

(There was great satisfaction in the tone of Hattie-Ann's voice.) She is sitting up now and reaching for her rattle thumper. That is one of her favorite toys. It has a sponge rubber head and she loves to thump with it. It can't hurt anything because it's made of rubber."

Continued On Page 14



HOME SERVICE

Your Background Will Push You Ahead

JIM'S still this side of thirty, but he already has an important executive job. And Betty, his attractive secretary, is so capable she's really her boss's right-hand man.

Neither of these young people could go to college. But they're both convinced they owe their success to a cultural background acquired at home.

Because of the absorbing reading course he follows in economics, Jim always holds his own with older business men when present-day problems are discussed.

He's invited out to dinner with the most interesting people because his knowledge of modern art and philosophy makes him a stimulating companion.

Combining pleasure with business, Betty studies famous characters in great novels. This helps her to understand better the people she meets in daily life. Now she's taken up psychology, too.

OUR thirty-two page booklet shows you how to start and carry out an engrossing, valuable program of home study. It includes book lists recommended by the Committee on College Reading.

Send ten cents for your copy of Booklet 159, "Build Your Own College Background," to TOWN, Home Service Bureau, P. O. Box 721, Rochester, N. Y.

Also available at ten cents per copy is: Booklet 127, "The New Way to a Youthful Figure."

MODERN WOMEN by MARIAN MAYS MARTIN

WORKING WIFE AVOIDS BOREDOM OF DOMESTIC LIFE

IF EVER a subject was worn threadbare it is the one about the working wife. Should she or should she not work? And if so, why and for how long? And is it good for her children, her husband, herself?

We've been treated to views on it from all angles and have contributed a few ourselves. But no one has ever had enough of the subject apparently, since it keeps cropping up from one quarter or another.

There are two distinct types of working wife, the wife who works because she loves her work and sees no reason for marriage interrupting it, and the wife who works because she must.

The first often causes her husband to be misunderstood, although it's a very antiquated person who sees something wrong with the man who allows his wife to go on working after marriage. The second often loses out although she works with the best intention in the world—that of helping her husband. For there are husbands who are pretty complacent about having their wife work; they are the kind that should not have the privilege of a self-supporting wife.

When a woman discovers her husband is depending on her pay envelope, even shirking his own job because he is sure of hers, it's time for her to check up. A woman cannot support a good man—because a good man will not let her. Emergency measures are excepted, of course.

The girl who cannot marry because her boy friend is not earning enough to support her and who pegs away at her job and defers her marriage is foolish, I think. We assume, of course, that she loves that young man of hers and really wants to help him. If she is merely marrying to be supported, she had better wait until someone who can do it comes along. A poor man is sufficiently handicapped without marrying a girl with the "gimmies."

The girl who continues with her job after marriage is spared the awkwardness of having to go back to it later. Even though she goes back out of sheer boredom with an idle life, her little world is going to whisper that

Bill isn't doing so well, or "ain't done right by her," while probably all poor Bill has done is settled down to be just another tired husband who hasn't much pep left at the end of the day and who is not living up to his wife's romantic conception of the sort of husband he should be.

Leaving economics entirely out of the question, the working wife has less time in which to brood and to build up a case against her particular Bill. She isn't so peppy herself at the end of the day and is therefore quite content to sit around the house and read.

Of course, the woman who has a large home and a family of children to raise never finds time to brood either, and as for her pep in the evening, she is more apt to be worn out than the woman working in the business world. In fact, her nerves are much more apt to be on edge, especially if she has small children to take care of. But then the mothers don't really enter into this discussion, for we are considering primarily the childless wives.

The wife who has nothing to keep her busy through the day needs a job or an interest in social affairs or almost anything at all to keep her mind occupied.

I am not unaware of the fact that there are jealous spouses who cannot bear the thought that their darlings should be subjected to the advances of the boss, or any office mates, but after all, why waste much sympathy on them? The average office is not seething with romance, and the boss who makes overtures to his secretary is largely a creature of fiction.

Men apparently take it for granted that women prefer to stay home instead of going to business, but I am sure that they are often wrong. A girl whose whole training has been in business finds the domestic routine, after the novelty has worn off, pretty weary, stale, flat, and decidedly unprofitable. On the whole, I think a young wife is better off being a busy self-supporting individual until her own private affairs become so engrossing that she cannot spare the time for any outside interests.

TOWN QUIZ: STIMULATING MENTAL CONTEST FOR ALL THE FAMILY

CREDIT yourself with one point for each question answered correctly. 10 is average, 12 good, 15 or more excellent. The correct answers are on page 10.

1—No person may be elected to the office of United States senator unless he has reached the age of . . . 35 29 30 33

2—Can you complete the titles of these books with the words in the second column? Crime and . . . Letter Fathers and . . . Punishment The Scarlet . . . Prejudice Pride and . . . Sensa

3—Answer "true" or "false." (a) The state of Minnesota bounds Iowa on the north. (b) A pyromaniac is obsessed with the desire to go to funerals. (c) Chopin composed the "Unfinished Symphony."

4—The United States bought for \$25,000,000 the Virgin Islands, formerly the possession of . . . Sweden Denmark Norway France

5—The mumble-jumble man is giving a banquet. He wants four vegetables on the menu. His guests can choose from . . . RBIOCOLG HSNIPAC STNPRIU EMATOSOT

6—The ghost who returned to haunt Macbeth, the murderer, in Shakespeare's great play is that of . . . Ophelia Desdemona Banquo Duncan

7—A name prominent in the development of steel is . . . Wright Bessemer Bell Fulton

8—Here is another grammar test. Answer "correct" or "incorrect."

(a) I could do it if I had the time. (b) Neither he nor his brother are here. (c) The reason why she failed was that she didn't practice.

9—When you were in school you read "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner." You'll remember that the Mariner stopped to tell his tale to some one who was going to a . . . funeral opera war wedding

10—If you're a good speller, you know which of these words are spelled incorrectly . . . elicit parallel nickle measure

11—Which of the following sentences is correct?

(a) When a friend goes on a journey we wish him bona fide. (b) If an offer is made in good faith, it is a bona fide offer.

12—A dermatologist is a specialist in . . . bones fabrics hair skin

13—Angina pectoris is a disease of the . . . spine brain liver heart

14—Which of these orchestral instruments are stringed instruments? piccolo viola cello clarinet

15—A person who is an octogonarian has reached his . . . birthday.

16—The capital of Wisconsin is . . . LaCrosse Wausau Madison Washburna

17—Eye-glasses which are held on the nose by a spring are called . . . lorgnette barnacle monocle pince nea

18—We say "elevator," but the English say . . . car ride lift trip

19—The painter known for his beautiful pictures of the Madonna is . . . Giotto Rubens Raphael Goya

20—"Flaccid" is derived from the Latin word "flaccus" and means . . . flat fleet flowing flabby

A breath-taking story of the adventures of a newspaperman and a big game hunter in search of a murderous sea monster that villagers insisted haunted the mist-covered waters of rock-bound Loch Lare

SYNOPSIS—For months natives of the village of Glenochric in the Scottish Highlands have suspected that Loch Lare is the home of some strange monster, for the circumstances of the deaths of several villagers upon the lake have indicated that something huge has crushed their boats, and their bodies have been horribly mangled. However, none but the victims have ever seen the cause of their death. One night a postman, rowing with letters to a castle on a little island owned by Martin Benson, is attacked by something huge and black, and

disappears in the swirling waters. Peter Hayton, London newspaperman, is sent by the Daily Courier to the scene of the tragedy. With him goes Jonathan Jow, big game hunter who has solved other mysteries for Hayton. Jow had received a telegram from Martin Benson saying that the people of the village are certain that the postman has been a victim, and not the first one, of a monster inhabiting the lake. Benson wants Jow to investigate and issue a statement dispelling the disturbing rumor. On the train a



Illustrated
by
CRANE

Oppermann speaks to them when he hears Benson's name mentioned. He expresses his dislike for Benson, and when he leaves Jonathan Jow says, "That man is a killer."

THE MONSTER OF THE LOCH

PART TWO.

"AND SO THIS is Loch Lare!" mused Jonathan Jow.

The mahogany features were set, and a cold wind from the sea ruffled the leonine white hair.

"A fitting place for a monster," I shivered, glimpsing a trail of white mist crawling across the surface of the gray water.

There can be nothing more sinister than lake water lapping a forlorn shore. And in the late afternoon Loch Lare was anything but inviting.

"There's the hiding place of your post," growled a voice at our elbow.

I turned. The fat man, with the black sombrero pulled so that it half hid his hollow features, pointed a finger to a dark mass emerging from the floating mist.

"Loch Lare Castle, eh, Mr. Oppermann," said Jonathan Jow, selecting another of his stupefying cheroots. "But why a hiding place?"

"Because Martin Benson chooses to stay there when he might be enjoying life in London," was the reply. "Anyhow, thank you, gentlemen, for the motor ride from the town. I'll be getting along."

"But aren't you coming to the castle?" I asked.

"Not me," he growled. "But you said that you were anxious to meet Martin Benson."

He nodded.

"But I didn't say that Martin Benson was anxious to meet me. Now, I choose my own time. There's a pub in the village. I shall stay there."

Jonathan Jow eyed him keenly.

"Well, we'll tell Martin Benson that you're in the vicinity, Mr. . . . Oppermann," he said.

The fat man leered.

"He won't thank you for the information. But don't forget what I said about that alibi. If anything should happen to Mister Benson, you'll find I'm at the pub."

And, with a nod, he stumbled away from the loch towards the village.

"That man intends that we

shall see quite a lot of him," I nodded.

"Yes," mused Jonathan Jow. "And I also intend to see quite a lot of Mr. Oppermann."

"MEANWHILE," I shivered, gazing at the gray water, "how do we get across to Lare Castle?"

We decided to make inquiries at the village post office.

I congratulated myself that I had stolen a march upon the other journalists sent from London, and particularly upon Jill Johnson of the Daily Pictures.

By telegraphing from Carlisle, I had arranged for a fast car to meet us at the town of Dumacht, at which point the train from London deposited us. At two o'clock in the afternoon we had got away while the other journalists were scouring the town for cars. It was the mysterious Mr. Oppermann who begged us to give him a lift to Glenochric, and at a nod from Jonathan Jow I agreed. But other than expressing a distaste for the Scottish scenery through which we passed, Mr. Oppermann remained most uncommunicative.

"Is it the Laird ye're seeking?" asked a red-haired woman in the village post office.

"You see how it is," he said. "These guid folk are really convinced that a monster exists."

Jonathan Jow interposed a question. "Was the body of Angus McBride really crushed, doctor?"

Dr. Andrews looked a little uncomfortable.

"I admit there was something strange about the poor fellow," he murmured. "The lungs seemed to have burst under some extreme pressure, and the face gave the impression that he had been strangled."

"Were there any marks on the body?" asked Jonathan Jow.

"None at all. And the body was washed ashore on the beach

"You see how it is," he said. "These guid folk are really convinced that a monster exists."

Jonathan Jow interposed a question. "Was the body of Angus McBride really crushed, doctor?"

Dr. Andrews looked a little uncomfortable.

thing about the monster," I said breezily.

She opened her mouth automatically, and then closed it tight.

"It was a terrible business about old Tammas Hamilton, ye ken," she said. "A terrible business."

At that moment a hatchet-faced man whose black clothes were cloaked in a plaid shawl entered the post office and demanded a telegraph form.

"These are gentlemen from London, doctor," said the red-haired woman. "They are going to the Laird's castle. And they ask me about the monster."

THE HATCHET-FACED man smiled at us.

"Dr. Andrews is my name," he said. "I heard from Mr. Benson that two gentlemen were coming up here to dispel all this nonsense about a monster in the loch."

"Shame upon ye, doctor," said the postmistress. "It's no nonsense, and well you know it. Didn't you see the crushed body of poor Angus McBride yourself?"

The doctor chuckled and turned to us with an exaggerated expression of hopelessness.

"There's the hiding place of your host," growled a voice beside us.

just below the village," the doctor added.

"He was caught by the monster and crushed to death, poor Angus McBride," said the red-haired woman. "And ye'll see poor Tammas thrown up on the beach in the same fashion."

"Crushed to death, he certainly was," Dr. Andrews admitted. "But for the rest, he had all the appearances of a drowned man."

"Who was Angus McBride?" asked Jonathan Jow.

"One of Martin Benson's servants," answered the doctor. "I believe he came from Glasgow. He was a stranger to these parts."

At that moment the sound of an engine came from the direction of the loch.

"That's Mr. Benson's motor launch coming for you, I expect," nodded the doctor. "I expect I shall be seeing you again very soon, Mr. . . ."

"Jonathan Jow."

"And your friend?"

"Peter Hayton," I replied.

"I'm a newspaper man."

The red-haired woman glanced at me.

"Don't ye tell me that ye've come up here to be sending long telegraph messages to London," she said. "Since the monster got poor Tammas I'm working all alone."

"But I see you have a telephone," I said gently.

"Aye, but I've never been asked for a call to London yet."

"Well, I'll be using the telephone and you'll hear all the news," I nodded. "Good afternoon."

JUST AS I WAS emerging from the post office an old car drew up, and there tumbled out of it three men. Seated also in the car were Tim Bowles of the Mercury, Joe Thomas of the Argus, and Slim Simmonds of the Daily Radio.

"Hello, Peter darling," cooed Jill Johnson. "Why didn't you ask me to take a buggy ride with you? Where are you off to?"

"Just for a little sail on the loch," I said.

"Isn't there room for little Jill?" she asked with a winning smile.

"There is not," I replied definitely. "Good-by."

"Good evening," she nodded brightly to the red-haired woman. "I want to send a telegram to my paper in London."

"Well, ye can't, missy," was the reply. "It's five o'clock and the office is closed for the day. Guid night to ye!"

I chuckled and hurried to the beach.

A big, powerful man was crouched at the engine in the motor launch that awaited us—a surly fellow who nodded casually to us.

In this first journey across the loch I glanced about eagerly, half hoping that we might be vouchsafed a glimpse of the monster—at a distance.

"How deep is this loch?" asked Jonathan Jow of the powerful man bent at his side. The fellow looked up, displaying a brutal face.

"Folk say here that there's no bottom to it," he muttered.

The blue eyes of Jonathan Jow narrowed.

"Yes, but you're not one from these parts."

"No, I'm not," was the reply.

"Where do you come from?"

How to Speak and Write Masterly English

Does your English reveal your lack of education, or does it prove that you are a person of culture and refinement? Are you handicapped in your speech and writing, or does your command of English rise to meet every occasion and every situation? English is the one tool you must use every day. This tells how you can improve it almost at once.

MANY persons say, "Did you hear from him today?" They should say, "Have you heard from him today?" Some spell "calendar," "calender" or "calandar." Still others say "between you and I" instead of "between you and me." It is astonishing how often "who" is used for "whom," and how frequently the simplest words are mispronounced. Few know whether to spell certain words with one or two "c's" or "m's" or "r's," or with "ie" or "ei," and when to use commas in order to make their meaning absolutely clear. Most persons use only common words—colorless, ordinary. Their speech and letters are lifeless, monotonous, humdrum.

Your English Reveals You

Does your English help or hurt you? Do you write and speak correctly or do your errors reveal and handicap you? Every time you talk or write you show what you are. When you mispronounce or use the wrong word, punctuate incorrectly, or use flat, ordinary words, you handicap yourself enormously. Words are the compelling force in business. Ideas can be expressed only in words. An unusual command of English enables you to present ideas clearly, forcefully, convincingly. English is a tool you use every day to improve your business or social position. If it is correct it helps you. If incorrect it hurts you more than you will ever know, for people are too polite to tell you about your mistakes.

Stop Making Mistakes

For years Mr. Cody studied the problem of creating instinctive habits of using good English. He appealed to school superintendents, and 150 of them placed classes at his disposal for experiment. He appealed to great corporations, and they let their employees be tested so Mr. Cody would know how accurate they really were. He was amazed to discover that the average person in school or business is



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only 61% efficient in the vital points of English grammar. After countless experiments Mr. Cody finally invented a simple method by which you can acquire a better command of English in only 15 minutes a day. Now you can stop making the mistakes which have been hurting you.

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Mr. Cody was granted a patent on his unique device. Now he places it at your disposal. You do the lesson given on any particular page, then you see just how Mr. Cody would correct that

paper. You mark your errors, check them. Next week you try that page again, correct errors, and check them in the second column. You see at a glance what you failed to remember, and you compare your average with that of grammar school graduates, high school graduates, and experienced stenographers, until you reach the 100% point in spelling, punctuation, pronunciation, grammar, expression.

Learn by Habit—Not by Rules

Mr. Cody made thousands of tests and then applied scientific principles in developing his present method. He found that the trouble with old methods is that they do not stick in the mind. Rules are memorized, but correct habits are not formed. Finally the rules themselves are forgotten. The Sherwin Cody method forms correct habits by constantly calling attention to your own mistakes.

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One wonderful thing about Mr. Cody's course is the speed with which these habit-forming drills can be done. You can write the answers to fifty questions in 15 minutes and correct your work in 5 minutes more. The drudgery of copying has been ended. Also, you do not have to go through material with which you are familiar. You concentrate on your mistakes until it becomes "second nature" to speak and write correctly.

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"I come from Newcastle," he said reluctantly.

"And, of course, you don't believe the folk tales of these parts?"

"About the monster?"

Jonathan Jow shook his head. "I wasn't thinking about the monster, but about the depth of the loch."

The fellow squared his jaw.

"I know nothing," he said.

"Better ask Mr. Benson."

"I will," said Jonathan Jow.

Five minutes later the launch grounded gently on a strip of beach. It was the island on which Lare Castle had been built. At first glance it seemed that the old gray stones were floating on the water. At one point the loch water lapped against the walls. After heavy rains some part of the castle would be under water.

We stepped ashore.

"Mr. Benson is waiting for you," nodded the man in the boat.

A path led us towards a clump of trees. Just as we hesitated, I glimpsed a tall, lithe man, whose keen, almost ascetic face was half-masked by the tinted spectacles which he wore.

"Jonathan Jow!" he exclaimed, coming forward with outstretched hand. "This is indeed a pleasure. It was extremely good of you to come in response to my telegram."

The brown, sunburnt hand of Jonathan Jow clasped the soft white hand of our host.

"It was good of you to invite me," he murmured. "Let me introduce my young friend, Peter Hayton, of the Daily Courier."

The soft, white hand closed on mine.

"I'm hoping, Mr. Hayton, that your stay here will be a pleasant one. But I must warn you in advance that there will be nothing sensational happening. I only desire to dispel these absurd rumors."

There was a strange smile on that ascetic face. Martin Benson was certainly mysterious. Any man who chose to live in this lonely, lost castle on a mist-covered loch would be considered mysterious. Yet there was some-

thing disarming about him, something which I had to admit was likeable.

"But you must be tired after your long journey," said Martin Benson. "I'll take you into the castle at once and show you your rooms."

"It was rather a long journey," I said.

"And we met a fellow on the train who called himself a friend of yours," Jonathan Jow was saying as he strode alongside Martin Benson.

"A friend of mine? What was his name?"

"Oppermann," said Jonathan Jow quietly.

The effect was startling. The figure in the tinted spectacles stopped dead.

"Not Sam Oppermann."

I noticed that the white brow of our host was beaded with perspiration.

"It may have been Sam Oppermann," remarked Jonathan Jow carelessly. "I'm afraid our conversation didn't get so far as the exchange of Christian names."

"Did he give you any messages for me?"

Jonathan Jow stroked his white hair.

"I believe he did. But it was just an off-hand remark. Something to the effect that he would probably call on you."

WE BEGAN to climb a series of stone steps. They led towards a flagged terrace which overlooked Loch Lare and gave one a magnificent view of the surrounding hills. But darkness was already blotting out the scene.

"I'm afraid you won't see the view until morning," apologized Martin Benson. "But your rooms are just above this terrace."

We entered the doorway of the castle leading from the terrace. The dank atmosphere of Loch Lare seemed to pervade the whole place. A big peat fire smouldered at one end of the room.

"This is the dining room," ex-

Continued On Page 10

OUTDOORS

by MORTIMER NORTON

WHITETAILED DEER MOST POPULAR OF BIG GAME ANIMALS

FROM THE mountain and lowland forests of Maine to Minnesota, and from Canada well into the Southland, the whitetailed or Virginia deer ranks as the most popular big game animal with many sportsmen. Each season thousands of deer are taken by means of still-hunting and driving.

The former method is the more sportsmanlike, for it requires real skill on the hunter's part to catwit a notably crafty animal. He must stalk silently through the woods against the wind, proceeding a few feet, then pausing to scan the landscape in all directions. Every motion must be detected.

Even then, it is likely the deer will see or hear him, or get his scent, before being discovered. Movement attracts the deer's attention, and this animal is fortified with keen senses of smell and hearing. A deer is even wary enough to let a hunter pass by at close range, then quietly walk or leave away when its enemy is out of range.

Sometimes the still-hunter must sit for many minutes at a strategic point along a well-used runway. A buck might come in sight as it feeds in early morning or late afternoon, or may be stirred up by other hunters in the vicinity.

In driving, men are placed by the guide at "stations" or "watches" along a runway, while other members of the party start at some distant point and advance toward the watchers, driving or frightening the deer as they go by shouting or "barking." In this manner, the deer usually start running up or down their accustomed trails, where the watchers are in hiding, and so are rather easily "picked off" as they run the gauntlet. Sometimes the deer will double back on the drivers, or may frequently escape the watchers, but as a rule one or more deer drop to the crack of a .30-30, .30-06, .250-3000, or .32 special caliber rifle, or to the boom of a 12-gauge shotgun loaded with buckshot or balls.

If the cover is especially dense, or the ground so dry as to be too noisy for still-hunting, then driving becomes the preferred means of securing venison; but otherwise one's own ingenuity in bagging a deer is to be recommended.

If a deer is badly wounded, do not trail it at once, but give it a chance to go a short way. Its down to rest, and stiffen up. Then it is easier to overtake and "polish off." Otherwise, if pursued too soon, it will keep moving and may be lost.

"STEPPING STONE"

"The course was a stepping stone for me. Soon after I enrolled I was promoted to Chief Clerk. Later the course was invaluable in helping me secure the job of assistant to the City Engineer. Also aided me in passing a number of Civil Service examinations." ALBERT J. MCDONALD, 1848 Market Park, Chicago, Ill.

LOOSE FEELINGS

"The course has removed my feeling of inferiority. I now feel well rounded and do not hesitate to enter into conversation with any one. My circle of friends has widened. Before Sherwin Cody helped me I was always thinking 'What is the correct way to say it?' But now I have no hesitation about speaking or writing. For I have been shown, through a new, fascinating way, how to speak grammatically; how to punctuate properly; and how to express my thoughts fluently." E. J. WHEATON, 1828 W. 38th Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

HELPFUL IN BUSINESS

"I keep finding your course very beneficial. For anyone who is not sure but has the opportunity to receive the necessary education in English is sure to find it a very valuable help." MARTIN BROWN, 8800 Park Road, Springfield, Mass.

"HELPED WONDERFULLY"

"I am now thus blessed with the course and know that it has helped me wonderfully in my position as a young teacher." MILDRED SMITH, Dravosburg, Pa.

A GOOD INVESTMENT

"I made a good investment when I enrolled. Your excellent course had uncovered many errors of years' standing. Some had become so fixed that it was with difficulty they were corrected. A realization of the great amount of good derived from this course, without any new process 'teaching' or new 'secret' tricks, prompted me to recommend it to any one seeking freedom from the mismanagement of important English."

"THE FEELING ONE DERIVES"

"The feeling one derives from the course is to speak grammatically; not to be concerned with the grammatical errors made for the course, which is the basis of success who wishes to secure his position." J. J. WHEATON, 1828 W. 38th Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

FROM A MINISTER

"Before taking this course I suffered from self-consciousness and was unable to express my thoughts clearly and effectively. The course has helped me to make what was previously in the mind of a minister, a minister of the Gospel." FREDERICK B. STYVEN, 1004 Livingston St., Baltimore, Md.

'STATIC' by Lawrence Witte

ADOLPHE MENJOU and Veree Teasdale, the all-time guest star champions of the air, have a full-time radio job—and radio may have a Lynn Fontaine and Alfred Lunt as a result.

Menjou, one of the screen's most versatile actors, and his attractive wife made eight joint guest appearances last year on the networks' leading shows: Radio Theater, the Charlie McCarthy show, Bing Crosby's series, Jack Oakie's, Al Jolson's and others. "The best-dressed man in Hollywood" upped his total to ten with two single appearances.

This fall, Menjou has a permanent place in radio as master of ceremonies on the star-spangled "Star Theater," heard over CBS every Wednesday. Veree Teasdale figures in producer Bill Bacher's plans also, and will appear in frequent dramatic sketches with her actor husband.

The series brings a long hoped-for opportunity to the Menjous, who have been reading material avidly, and studying radio methods, with a joint career on the air in mind.

In films, the two have made only one picture together—Harold Lloyd's "The Milky Way." They see radio as the medium for their combined talents. Fontaine and Lunt made a "Mr. and Mrs." combination a success in the theater; the Menjous hope to repeat the trick on the air.

JOHN NESBITT, star of the "Passing Parade," gave one of his self-prepared dinners for a group of friends including Al Carr, John Conte, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Bradley and several from movieland. He served what he calls a "Tartar Steak." Mrs.

Bradley inquired how the dish was prepared.

"It should be called a 'Cannibal's Delight,'" John told her. "But I've found that people don't like to know when they are eating raw meat. They seem to think that it's uncivilized. Actually, the meat is the very finest cut of tenderloin beef I could buy, and ground up like this, it is more edible. Then, covered with the highly seasoned sauce, which I learned to make over in Russia, it makes one of the healthiest foods known."

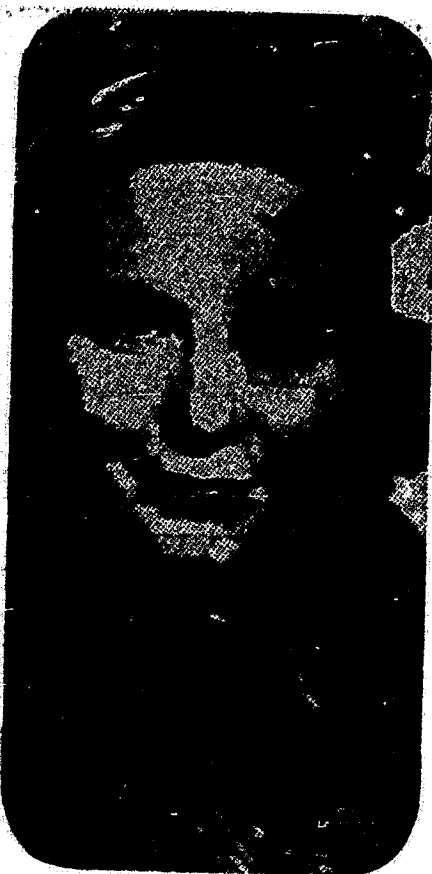
"And the best I've ever eaten!" approved Al Carr.

SOMETHING NEW in picture taking was exposed by Jane Froman on her cross-country auto trip to Hollywood.

Jane got the idea of snapping a picture exactly on the hour of whatever happened to be in front of her at the moment. Carrying this plan through during the entire eight-day period of actual driving, she acquired some unexpectedly startling shots. One showed the profile of an Ohio cow crossing the road. Another caught husband Don Ross yawning in Kansas. Strung in order, the ensemble furnished a pictorial record that the "National Geographic" ought to look into.

HORACE HEIDT started in the band business with a group of Californians, but the Brigadiers are an All-American band today.

Every section of the United States is represented in the more than thirty people who make up the popular organization. Horace, of course, comes from California, as do Warren



DORIS RHODES
Song-pluggers' friend

Lewis, trumpet; Bernie Mattinson, drummer; Alvino Ray, Lysbeth Hughes, Charlie Goodman and Art Thorsen. But other members of the band hail from New York, Texas, Wisconsin, Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, Utah, Washington, Oklahoma, Connecticut, Pennsylvania; and Bob McCoy claims Alaska as his home.

The band can't go into any part of the country without discovering a gang of "home town" rooters for some section of the organization.

TOMMY RIGGS was the principal attraction at a recent informal meeting of X-ray experts in New York.

All marveled at the X-ray photos of Tommy's vocal chords, whence comes the baby voice of Betty Lou. Tommy's vocal chords were X-rayed in every possible angle, and each angle brought expressions of admiration from the assemblage.

A scientific survey of the vocal chords brought forth the following explanation of the reality of Betty Lou as a personality, despite the fact that she is a disembodied person:

"Mr. Riggs' chords are extraordinarily thick and strong. He has amazing muscular control over them, something like the way Caruso was able to control his vocal chord muscles. He can lengthen or shorten them as though they were rubber bands."

While all this was going on, Betty Lou was screaming out to the experts, "Oh, Mr. Tommy!"

WHEN SONG-PLUGGERS come around to the studios and ask Doris Rhodes, the CBS singer, to do their songs for them, they usually spend most of their visiting time chatting with the song stylist about their more interesting adventures with the artists. They unburden themselves to Doris more easily and freely than they would with other kilocycle folk, for she is one of them . . . indirectly. The young vocalist is the wife of Vonie Taps, a former song-plugger who is now an executive of the Shapiro-Bernstein music publishing firm. She knows how tough the going can be for the pluggers, and they are sure of finding a sympathetic ear when they call on her.

BILL JOHNSTONE, the young radio veteran playing the role of "The Shadow," heard Sundays over the Mutual network, was born in Paisley, Scotland, and migrated to this country at the age of three.

YOUTHFUL BAND LEADER GAINING NATION-WID ACCLAIM

CLEM WILLIAMS and his orchestra, whose dansapations are delighting radio audiences these days, are rapidly becoming popular via their coast-to-coast broadcasts.

Organized early last summer, the band made its first professional appearance at the Gateway Casino at Somers Point, New Jersey, and broadcast over the coast-to-coast Mutual network. Leaving the Casino for a tour throughout the coal regions of Pennsylvania, they returned to Somers Point with some 6,000 fans writing, asking them to come back. Arthur Padula, impresario of Arcadia, the International Restaurant, Philadelphia, drove to the Casino to give them an audition and immediately signed them for his popular rendezvous.

One of the youngest band leaders to hit the airwaves with a big-time musical outfit, Clem is just twenty-one years old. Born in Rydal, Pennsylvania, just outside Philadelphia, Williams is a graduate of the Hill School, Pottstown, Pennsylvania, and the University of Pennsylvania's School of Music. His mother, Mrs. Joseph H. Cochran, is a society leader of Philadelphia and formerly a harpist with the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra.

Immediately after graduation, young Williams set up rigid qualifications for an orchestra in the soft, sweet swing style, and began looking for musicians. It wasn't an easy job, and after several months he had organized a unit which met with his satisfaction. For three weeks he rehearsed his men before he accepted a professional engage-

ment. The rest is musical history.

Clem is five feet, nine inches tall, and weighs 130 pounds. He has blonde hair and blue eyes. Everyone is won by his amiable personality, and there is no doubt that he will achieve his ambition to "become one of the top orchestra leaders on the air."

It was with Clem Williams that petite vocalist Patty Morgan developed into a singing sensation.

Patty, or Patricia, as her mother named her, was first featured as a singer by Artie Shaw. After three and a half months with Shaw, Clem signed her to vocalize with his band. Recently Miss Morgan returned to New York to sing with Val Olman and his band at the Belmont Plaza.

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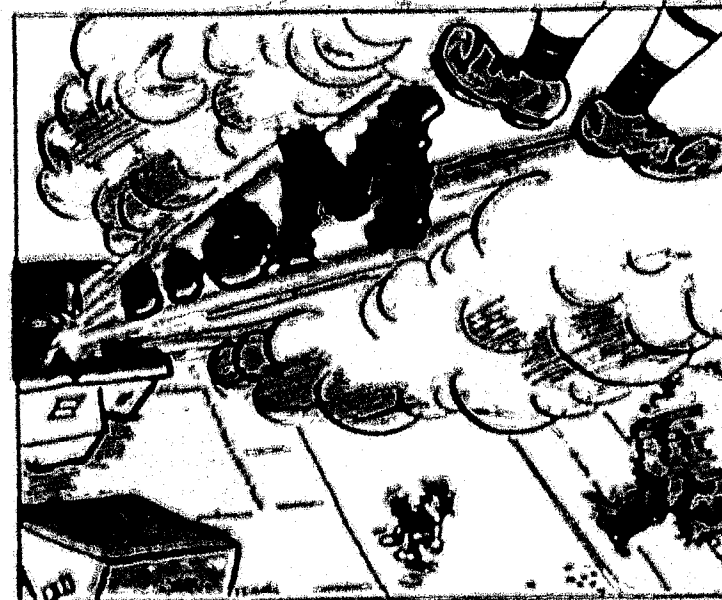
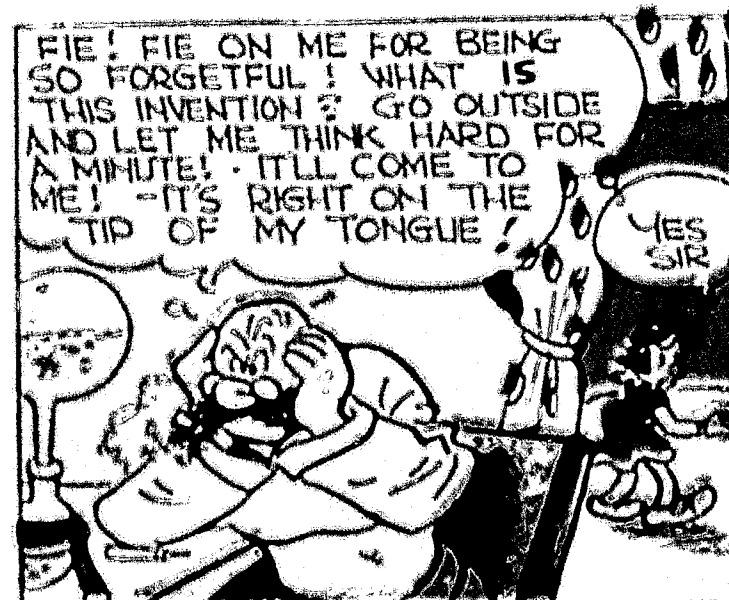
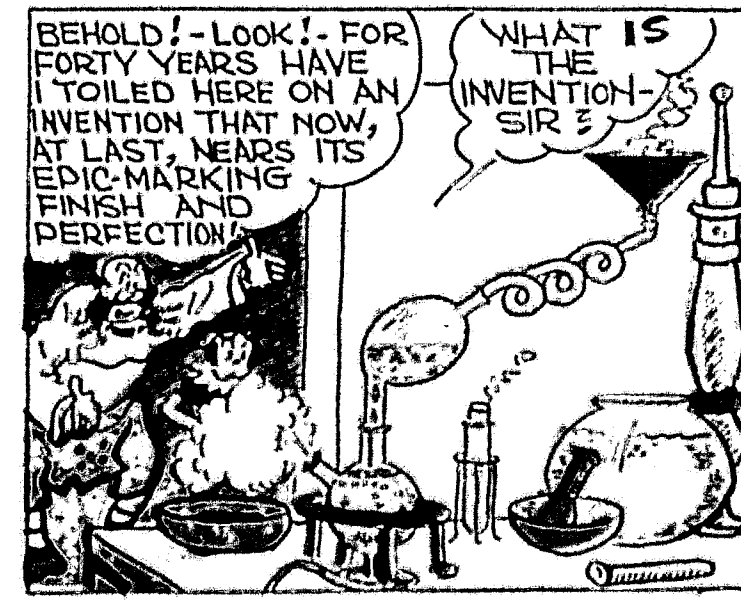
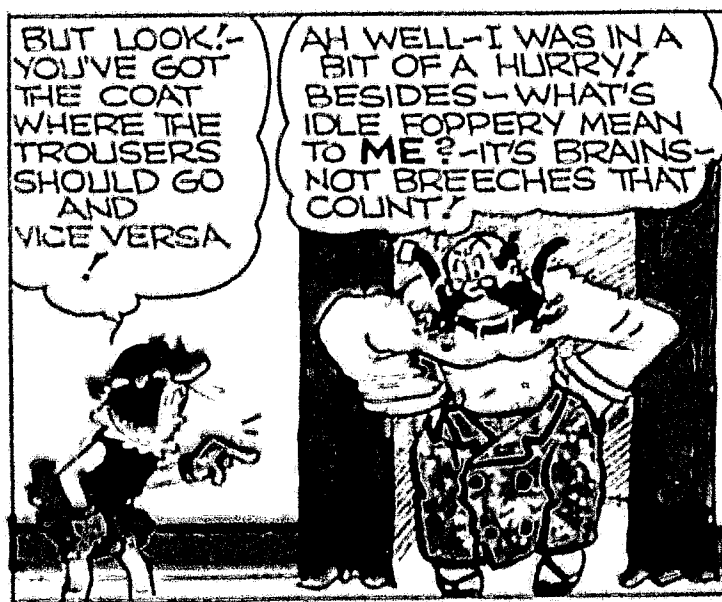
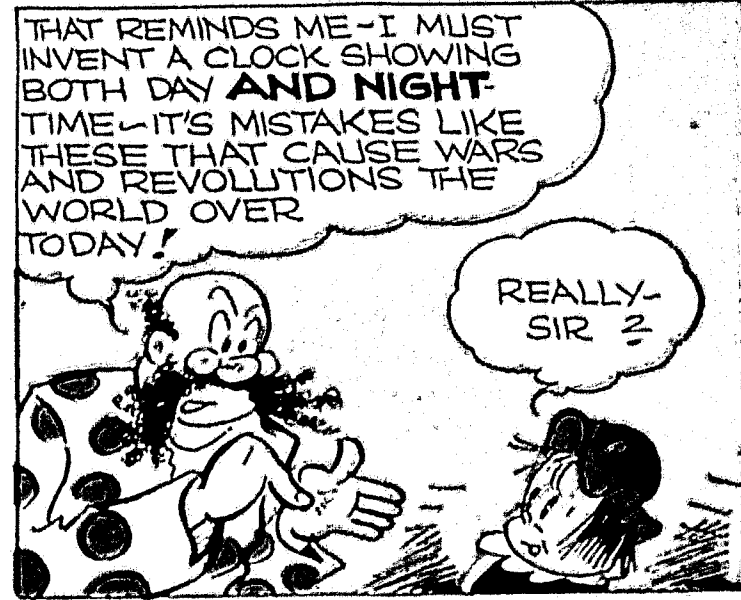
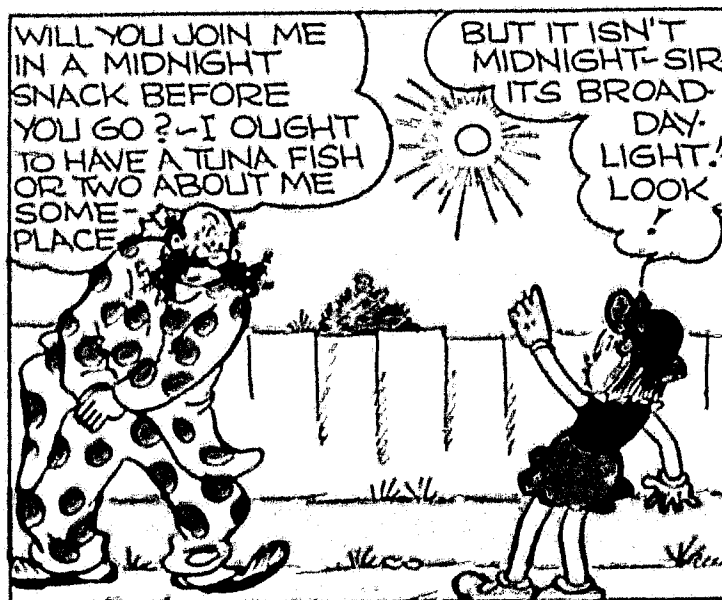


ENJOYS HIS WORK

Apparently Captain Tim Healy gets a big kick out of looking over his stamp collection in search of material to use in his radio talks on "Stories Behind the Stamp." For Captain Tim, every stamp recalls a bit of history or a group of facts which make interesting stories for him to tell Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays when he is heard over the Mutual Network. Captain Tim is considered one of the greatest authorities in the United States on philately.

CYNICAL SUSIE

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**NEXT
WEEK:**

There was complete misunderstanding when Ann walked out on her wealthy parents and into the arms of a poor young man. That is, until the day of Thanksgiving came round.

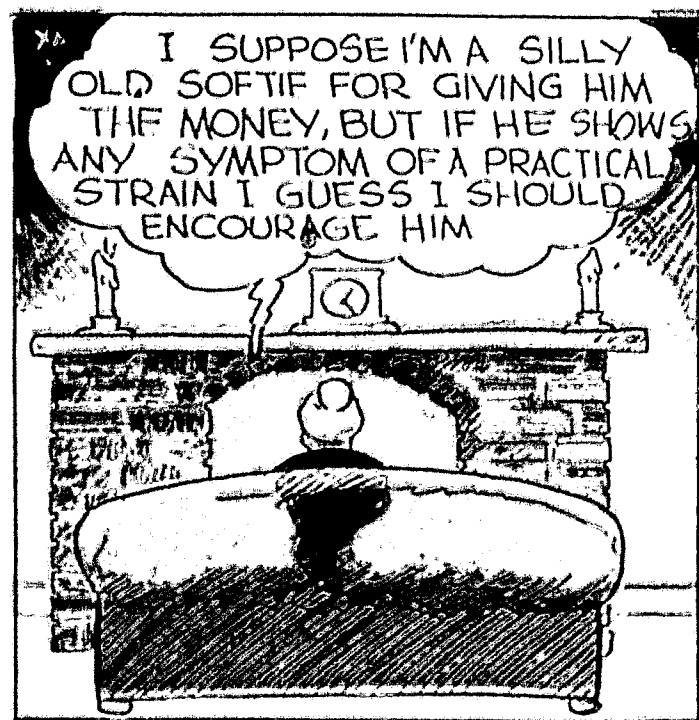
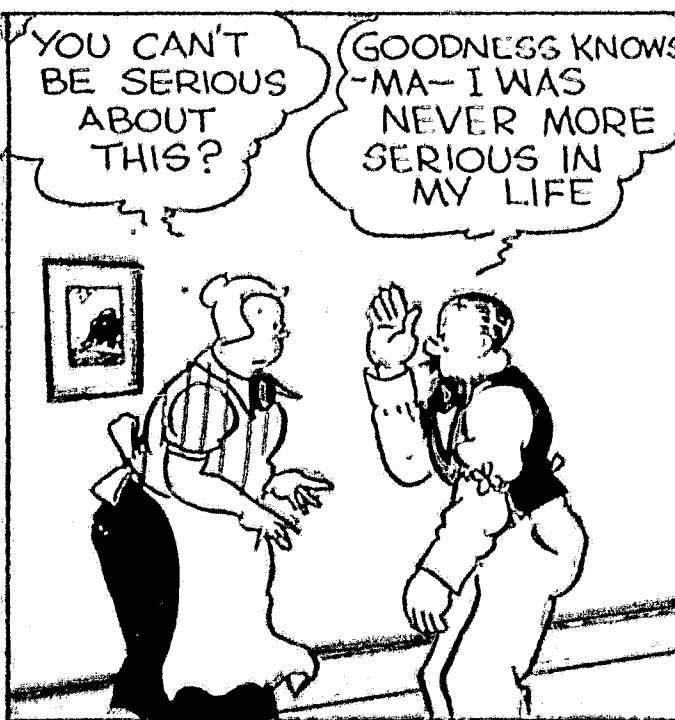
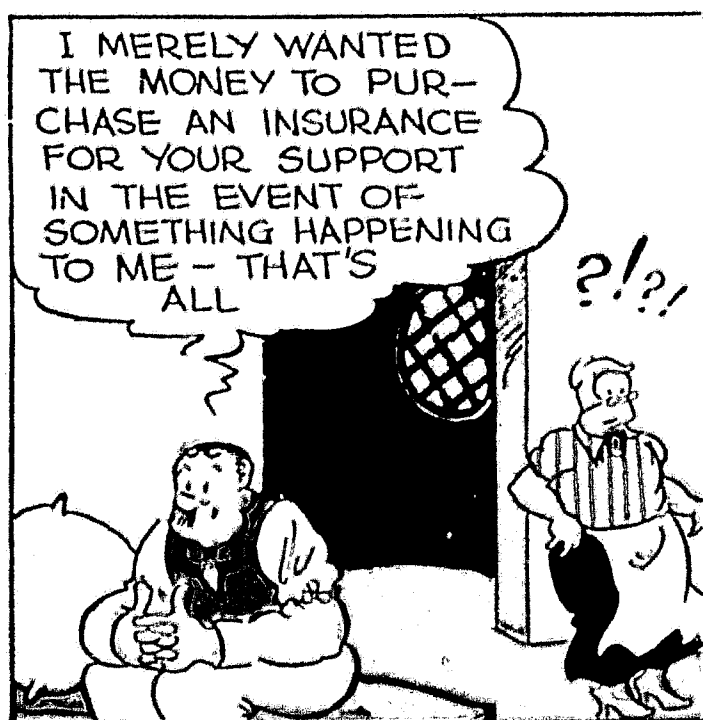
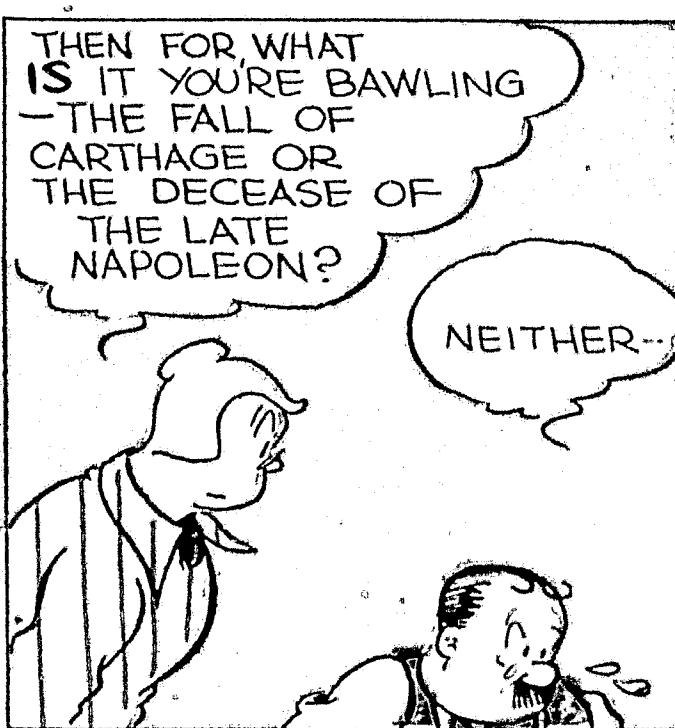
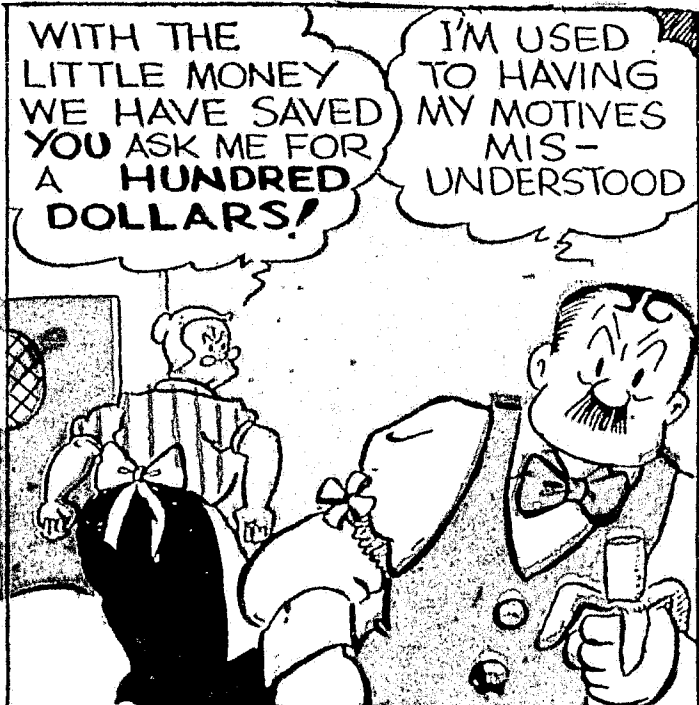
CLIP O' THE OLD BLOCK
Olden Cover

TOWN WEEKLY MAGAZINE SECTION

DANNY DINGLE

BY
BERNARD DIBBLE

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NEXT WEEK: A MODERN DESIGN, GIFT CEDAR CHEST that will delight any woman on Christmas day and will prove immensely useful throughout the whole year. Plans are available

TOWN CRAFTSMAN'S CORNER

by Harold T. Bodkin

THE MONSTER OF THE LOCH *by MAKIN*

Continued From Page 6

plained our host. "I've arranged for dinner at 7:30. A gong will sound. We go up the staircase."

We passed along a gallery overlooking the hall. "This is your room, Mr. Jow," he said. "I hope you will find it comfortable." He opened the door as he spoke. "I regret that electricity is still unknown here. But I trust the candles will serve."

An enormous candelabra stood on a table in the room. A fire blazed. The room looked warm and cheerful.

"It will suit me excellently," smiled Jonathan Jow.

"And your room is the next one," said Martin Benson. It was a replica of the one shown to Jonathan Jow. Candles and a blazing peat fire.

"Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll go down and see that your baggage is sent up," said our host.

THE DINNER was excellent.

"Naturally," said our host, "to have two men drowned in the loch was unfortunate."

"Very," agreed Jonathan Jow.

"But not unusual," said Benson quickly. "Each year, from some carelessness or foolishness, somebody is drowned in Loch Lare. The village folk used to say that the loch claimed a victim every year."

"And this year it has claimed two,"

"And this year it has claimed two," repeated Benson. "You can understand, therefore, that the villagers should begin to talk and that very soon the old myth of a monster haunting the loch should be revived."

"Pardon my asking a very direct question, Mr. Benson," said Jonathan Jow. "Why should it concern you—this talk of a monster? Why invite an old jungle man like myself down here to prove to the world that such a monster does not exist?"

Martin Benson laughed.

TOWN QUIZ

... answers

- 1—30 years.
- 2—Crime and Punishment; Fathers and Sons; The Scarlet Letter; Pride and Prejudice.
- 3—(a) True; (b) false—A pyromaniac is obsessed with the desire to set fire to things; (c) false—Schubert composed the "Unfinished Symphony."
- 4—Denmark.
- 5—Broccoli, turnips, spinach, tomatoes.
- 6—Banquo.
- 7—Bessemer.
- 8—(a) incorrect—it should read: I could have done it if I had had the time; (b) incorrect—it should read: Neither he nor his brother is here; (c) correct.
- 9—Wedding.
- 10—They should be spelled nickel and leisure.
- 11—If an offer is made in good faith, it is a bona fide offer.
- 12—Skin.
- 13—Heart.
- 14—Cello and viola are stringed instruments; piccolo and clarinet are wind instruments.
- 15—Bibb.
- 16—Madison.
- 17—Pence sex.
- 18—Lift.
- 19—Raphael.
- 20—Flabby.

"Perhaps you may think I take my position as Laird here a little too seriously. After all, the island and the castle only came into my possession a year ago. But I do hate to see these people sinking into superstition and abject fear."

"CIGARETTES?" asked a gruff voice at my elbow.

I turned with a start. A rough hand was thrusting a box towards me. It was the butler who had waited upon us at table, a big, brawny man with a squint. Any one less like a butler I had never seen. But that was one of the strange things about Lare Castle. Martin Benson seemed surrounded by big, powerful men.

There were four of them. The first had been the man in the motor launch. Another I had glimpsed from the gallery, hammering the huge gong which resounded throughout the whole castle like the stroke of doom. A third had watched us as we descended the stairs. The fourth, a butler with a squint, served us at table.

"That will do, Finch," nodded Benson. "You may leave the cigarettes on the table."

The fellow lumbered away. "It is even difficult for me to get servants to stay on this island," remarked Benson. "The villagers are scared to work in the castle. I've been forced to go beyond the district to find any one who will stay here."

"A sailor, isn't he?" asked Jonathan Jow, nodding towards the departing figure.

Those tinted spectacles seemed to dart a keen glance at the indolent, white-haired guest. "I believe he has been a sailor at some time or other. How did you guess?"

"A sailor on land is unmistakable," murmured Jonathan Jow. Then he nodded towards an oil painting which hung above the fireplace. "By the way, whose portrait is that? There's something familiar about the face."

Martin Benson gazed at the portrait as though he was seeing it for the first time. It showed a heavy jawed man whose glittering eyes seemed to be alive and staring down at us as we sat at the table.

"That! Oh, I believe it's a

portrait of the former owner of Lare Castle. I never met him. He lived here for many years and used to row himself about the loch in a little boat. One night he went out in the midst of a fierce thunderstorm. He never returned. The castle was empty for two years. Then his death was presumed. I bought the castle and its effects. His name was David Norway."

"David Norway," repeated Jonathan Jow quietly. "That's very interesting."

"Why, did you know him?"

Jonathan Jow smiled.

"Have you an atlas here?" he asked.

Martin Benson stared at him.

"An atlas?"

"Yes, I would like to look at a map of the South Atlantic."

Martin Benson rose and returned in a few moments with a book of maps.

Jonathan Jow flicked the pages. Then he dabbed one of his long fingers at a small speck in the blue expanse of the South Atlantic.

"That's the island," he murmured.

"What island?" I asked.

"Kerguelen, where David Norway, Professor David Norway, as he was then, made a strange discovery, and ruined his scientific career."

"I don't understand," said Martin Benson. "What was David Norway doing in that lost island?"

"He had a passion for these out-of-the-way places. He had a desire to develop Darwin's original studies in the origin of the species. Darwin voyaged in the Beagle, observing beasts, reptiles and sea animals. Norway went in tramp steamers, fishing vessels and whalers. But it was not until he came to the storm-racked cliffs of Kerguelen near the Antarctic that he made his great, mad discovery."

"Mad he certainly was," laughed Martin Benson, "judging by the stories I've heard of him in the village."

"Yes," nodded Jonathan Jow, "even his brother scientists called him mad when he lectured before the Royal Society in London. He produced his discovery, and they laughed, laughed uproariously until Norway, a pathetic figure, slunk away from their sight."

YOUR CHILD

by JANE H. GOWARD

ENCOURAGE YOUNGSTER TO VOICE HIS VIEWPOINT

AS SOON as mother began telling father about an accident she and Billy had witnessed, the youngster assumed a pained expression and shook his head. There were certain glaring inaccuracies of time and place in mother's account, which he simply could not tolerate. Before the story got well under way, he interrupted three times. Finally mother ordered him to keep quiet. Hurt, the boy retired into a corner, sulking.

Children, of course, must be taught not to interrupt or contradict their elders. It is annoying both for the speaker and listener when unimportant details come up for inspection in the midst of a tale. To the adult, the story is the thing. But the child is different. Many times more keenly observant, he notices facts which often elude us, or which we disregard auto-

matically as unimportant and irrelevant to the main idea.

But a child has a right to consideration. Mother could not wait to tell father about the accident. Billy also may have been bursting to tell the same story. Being older, mother naturally had right of way.

If Billy's mother had understood his point of view, she could have said jokingly, "Hold on; who's telling this story, you or I?" Or better still, "All right, son, I'll let you tell it."

A child should be permitted occasionally to voice his impressions. It gives him confidence, helps him maintain in his self-respect and may train him to become a better conversationalist.

Children learn by example. If parents want a child to be a good listener, they must set an example by showing how well they can listen.

"But what was the discovery?" I asked.

"Eggs," replied Jonathan Jow disconcertingly. "Just the preserved eggs of some prehistoric sea monster which he discovered in a cave on the island of Kerguelen. Norway asserted that the cold of the Antarctic had preserved them. In all probability they were the eggs of a plesiosaur. Admittedly, nobody could deny it. The members of the Royal Society were sceptical but, nevertheless, interested. It was only when Professor Norway, filled with the enthusiasm of a modern Darwin, expounded his new theory that the scientists began to laugh. Briefly, he suggested that an attempt should be made to hatch out these eggs. He argued that prehistoric monsters could be brought back to the earth."

"WHAT HAPPENED afterwards?" I asked.

"Laughed out of scientific circles," went on Jonathan Jow, "the professor disappeared. From what you have told me, I guess he came to Scotland, bought this island and castle on Loch Lare and lived here."

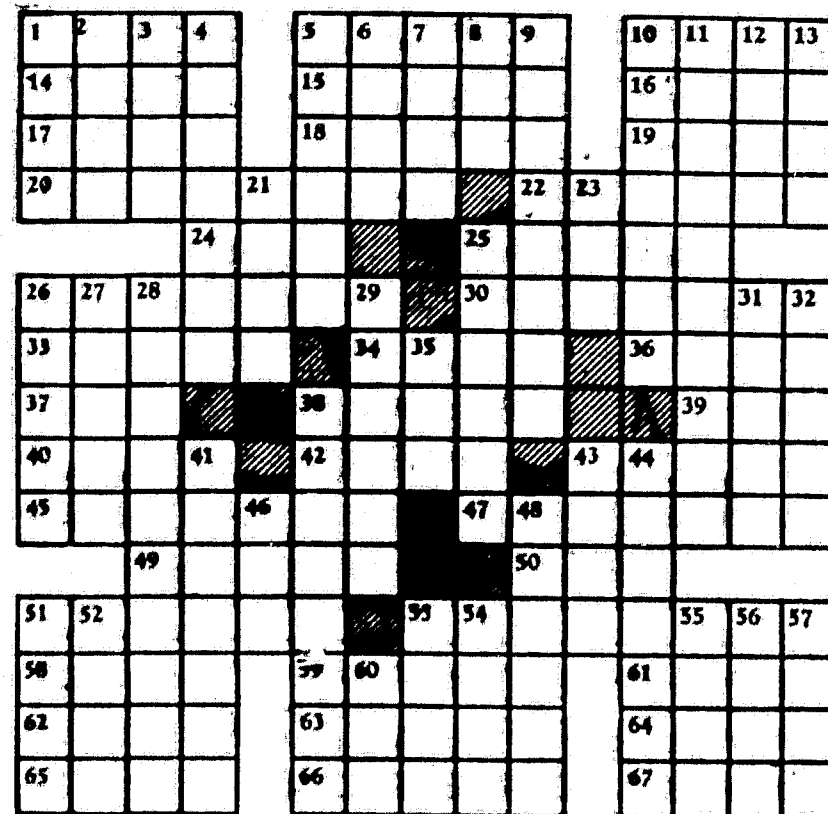
"He was mad," broke in Benson, "mad as a hatter. The villagers remember him. He was mad to row out into the middle of the loch on that night when a thunderstorm was shaking the countryside."

I found myself unable to drag my gaze from that fiendishly real portrait. The eyes were watching us. There was a mad gleam in them.

"But the eggs," I whispered, still staring. "What became of them?"

Continued On Page 12

CROSS WORD PUZZLE



SOLUTION NEXT WEEK

HORIZONTAL

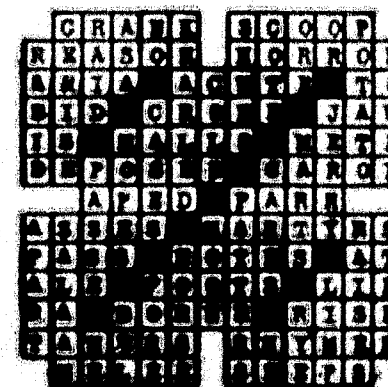
- 1—Persian ruler
- 5—Plants native to a region
- 10—Groove
- 14—Well-bred woman
- 15—Bird of ill omen
- 16—Cover
- 17—Dry
- 18—Accumulate
- 19—Wind instrument
- 20—Violation of confidence
- 22—Threatens to give way
- 24—Primate
- 25—Underground pipe
- 26—Metecora
- 30—Church dignitary
- 33—Kilns
- 34—Yarn
- 36—Move
- 37—Killer-whale
- 38—Sauted
- 39—Japanese statesman
- 40—Extra quantity
- 42—Ceremony
- 43—Berate
- 45—Sylph-like
- 47—Person running for office
- 49—Winged
- 50—Worn path
- 51—Painter
- 53—Rooms for hire
- 58—Pertaining to the laity
- 59—Run away
- 61—Naught
- 62—Century-plant
- 63—Least common
- 64—Wickedness
- 66—Remit
- 67—Cognomen

VERTICAL

- 1—Heavy, flat piece
- 2—Edent
- 3—Mine entrance
- 4—Outlet of water-main
- 5—Worn
- 6—Buddhist priest
- 7—Egg-shaped

- 8—Things (law)
- 9—Retorted
- 10—Scoop-like implements
- 11—Release
- 12—Smell
- 13—Small mounds
- 21—Sacred bull of Egypt
- 23—Veneration
- 25—Ill temper
- 26—Coils
- 27—Betimes
- 28—Kiss
- 29—Long step forward
- 31—Name
- 32—Corrode
- 35—River island
- 38—Batter cakes
- 41—Married (slang)
- 43—Self-satisfied
- 44—National of any country
- 46—Possesses
- 48—Commands
- 51—Exclamation of sorrow
- 52—Rattling respiration
- 53—Snake of Central America
- 54—Ajar
- 55—River in Russia
- 56—Menacing
- 57—Flat fish
- 60—Resin

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE





'THE LADY AND THE COWBOY'

Gary Cooper got his first break in a western picture, so that his new role in Samuel Goldwyn's "The Lady and the Cowboy" returns him to his old stamping ground. Shown with Gary is Merle Oberon, who takes the femme lead in this new, dignified version of the "horse opera."

NEW TYPE WESTERN FILM INCLUDES ROMANCE ANGLE

WHEN CAMERAS began to crank on Samuel Goldwyn's "The Lady and the Cowboy," there was started the making of a film which, according to that producer, is to achieve a twofold purpose. And because of Mr. Goldwyn's aims does the Merle Oberon-Gary Cooper star emerge as—yes, a western—but one that is a far cry from the usual run of its predecessors, which were concerned with little else but noisy gun-play and trick riding.

It is a general and safe prediction that future historians will employ ancient films to aid them in their researches on early twentieth century life. But it is equally safe to suggest that the earnest truth-seekers will find themselves stalemated in their efforts to classify westerns as a part of our civilization and to glean from the mad screen doings some sociological significance.

Consider the confusion of the scientist of tomorrow when he is faced with the typical cowboy and tries to fit him into the general picture of those immortalized in non-western films. Cowboy heroes have been hybrid ones even before the days of William S. Hart. But he resembled his brother heroes in other films only in that he ate, slept and was a fine specimen of masculine pulchritude. He was so busy righting huge wrongs on the sage-dotted plains, lassoing steers and mowing down his fellow men with his twin "forty-fours," that he never had time to indulge in the more universal cinematic plot-sport—love.

Instead, he simply consumed his romance to a brotherly pat on the back of the cattleman's pretty daughter in an early reel (usually accompanied by a subtitle "I'll protect you, gal, don't yuh worry none!") and ended the film with a particularly brief clinch.

Herein lies Mr. Goldwyn's Purpose Number One behind "The Lady and the Cowboy."

For the benefit of twentieth century anthropologists, he is changing all this, and predicts a new cycle of cowboy pictures. This cycle will be far more true to life and love and will save future scientists much puzzlement.

In the final analysis, cowboys are just as interested in romance as are brokers, lawyers and streetcleaners. Cooper proves this fact early in the film and goes on proving it to the end. Gary Cooper himself supplies Goldwyn's second purpose behind his production. If you've a good memory, you'll recall another of Goldwyn's western sagas filmed a decade ago and titled "The Winning of Barbara Worth." In that film there appeared a young, lanky bit player who scored heavily in the second male lead and has since vaulted to motion picture heights. That man you know as Gary Cooper, and that film first gave us a peek at his latent thespian talent.

Once launched on his career, Gary was hard to stop. He never even slowed down in his rapid drive to the pinnacle that he occupies today. That his acting experience has been as complete and varied as any actor in the business is quite convincingly witnessed by a review of the multifarious roles he has played. After graduating from westerns, he was cast in he-man parts with less wild and woolly backgrounds. Drama, the band of many an aspirant, came next and was duly conquered by Cooper.

Comedy came next, and here he became immortalized with his portrayal of the bewildered, gawky Mr. Deeds.

He had now completed the acting cycle and was at loss for new fields to conquer. Goldwyn, strategist as well as showman, had been watching fellows like Gene Autry and Buck Jones turn theaters into sardine cans—and then came "The Lone Ranger." The tremendous adult in-

terest in this serial was unexpected but convincing. And audiences were paying heavy cash for inexpensively produced vehicles of this type. Certainly a class picture would be even more greatly received.

What would be more logical than to return Gary Cooper to his first stamping ground, the western, which was turning into a new gold mine? He would undoubtedly bring with him his acquired glamor, thus creating a new type of cowboy for his fans.

Goldwyn could think of no answer to this, and so we have "The Lady and the Cowboy."

'STAR GAZING' with Meghan

AT THE INSISTENCE of Lionel Barrymore, Reginald Owen has been chosen to replace him as Scrooge in Dickens' "Christmas Carol," which Metro is producing for Christmas season release. Barrymore, now recovering from an illness, has played the role on the radio for five years, but did not feel strong enough to essay the character when the film was started. He refused an offer by the studio to postpone production until January, saying that the film should be released for the Christmas season.

TOMMY WONDER, who became famous for his dancing doll act, has announced that he will do no more dancing on stage or screen. For years Wonder has been touring the world with his sister Betty, making command appearances in England and every important city in the world, but while working in Monogram's "Gangster's Boy," Tommy decided to forsake his dancing career for a dramatic one. Against the wishes of his agent and of Jackie Cooper, starring in the film and a good friend of Wonder, he cancelled scheduled performances in London, Paris, Rome and Monte Carlo.

METRO IS LOOKING for a baby Tarzan to play an important feature part with Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan in the next of that series. The studio is conducting a search for a tot who must be five years old, have bulging biceps, and have super-strength. He must also be able to perform acrobatic swimming feats and give the famous Tarzan yell.

In the new ape-man thriller, the young Tarzan will be discovered by Tarzan and his mate, and will play a major part in the film.

CECIL B. DE MILLE recently played benefactor to one thousand of Utah's unemployed, as well as two hundred veteran railroad men, through the production requirements of his saga of the first transcontinental railroad, "Union Pacific."

He had to build the city of Cheyenne for the flicker, and the location chosen was two hundred

and fifty miles from Salt Lake City. The railroad men were engaged to lay six miles of track.

WHAT DO I USE FOR FRECKLES?

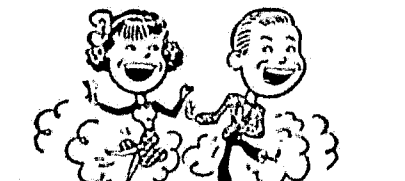
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Popular for lightening and bleaching the skin, too.

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GOS-MER-ETT Slip-on RAINCOATS

... made of sturdy, rubberized fabric that will not rip or tear. Better than regular rubber because they can be folded to a very small size without cracking as rubber does. Better than oil skin garments because they will not stick together when folded. Smart enough to wear over a dress suit.

Light weight, 42-inch length, roomy and full cut, raglan sleeves, slash pockets, double sewed seams.

Color—Silver Gray
Sizes—34 to 46 chest measure.

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Enclosed find \$2.00. Send me, post-paid, one of your GOS-MER-ETT Slip-on RAINCOATS. My chest measure is _____ inches.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____



CIRCULAR SAW COMPLETED

by HAROLD T. BODKIN

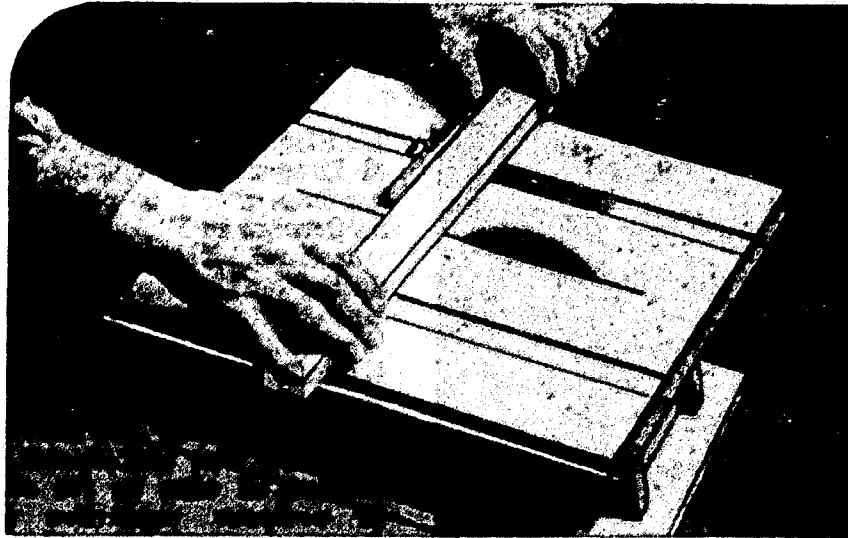
LAST WEEK we got an idea of how the wooden parts of our six-inch circular saw were made and assembled, with the recommendation that actual construction be deferred until release of Handicraft Plan No. 112, which shows these units full size, ready to trace directly on to the hard maple stock. You may order this plan now and make up the frame units so that the few metal parts can be added.

To provide for raising and lowering the saw table, I made a simple screw mechanism. Its principle can be understood by referring to picture D. Note that the twisted metal piece is screwed solidly to the two table slides and that the upper metal strap is pivoted on bolts passing through the main frames. The upper iron is tapped for the screw thread; the lower has a larger hole to permit the screw to revolve freely. An old valve wheel, pinned to the screw, serves as a handle, and double nuts are locked on the opposite side to hold the screw in given position in the lower strap. Note also that the screw is located a bit off center so that the saw can run in the center of the table.

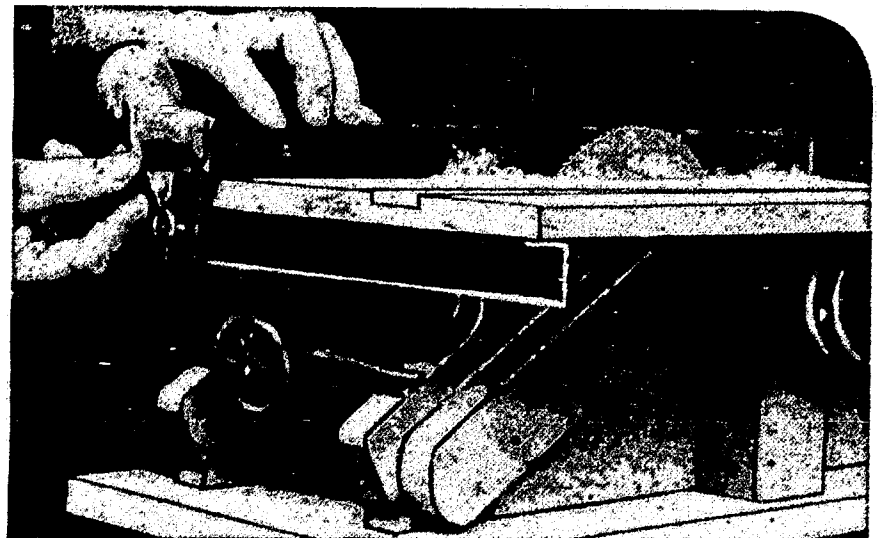
Two bearing blocks of brass or cast iron are now made to carry the saw arbor. A 6 1/4-inch length of 1/2-inch diameter cold rolled steel provides the arbor. It is threaded one inch in from the saw end. The shaft collar, pulley and saw are standard hardware, obtainable at tool stores.

Mount the bearing blocks on the mounting posts (see picture C), then do a little "juggling" until the saw and table raising screw mechanism are clear of each other. Then fasten the bearings permanently in place with heavy three inch screws driven downward into the posts.

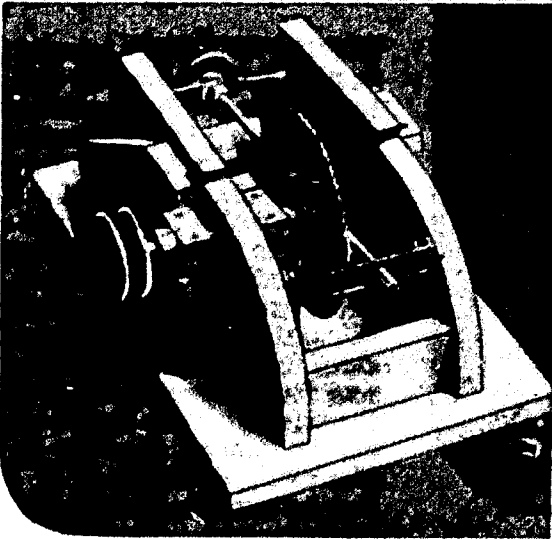
The saw table is also detailed on the plan and should give you no trouble in construction. I found it better to have a



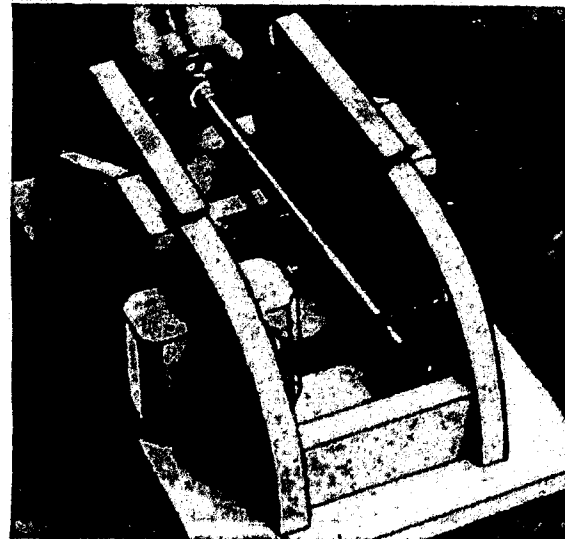
A—Cross-Cutting with the Completed Six-Inch, Motor-Driven Circular Saw



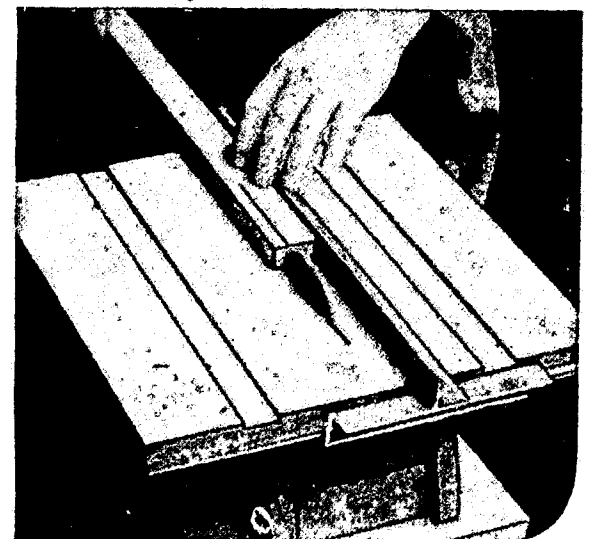
B—Setting Ripping Fence; Machine Screw turns in Tapped Hole Drilled in Angle Iron Fence



C—The Saw and Its Arbor Assembled In Place on Frame



D—Assembly of Table Raising Mechanism



E—Ripping—Note riveted End on Angle Iron Fence

friend who owns a commercial saw cut the saw slot and channels in the table top—it makes a better and more accurate job than if done by hand. Center the completed table over the saw and screw to the table slides, countersinking the screw heads flush with the table top.

The ripping fence is merely a length of one-inch angle iron. (See picture B.) A short tee piece is riveted at the upper end, while the lower end is bent downward, drilled and tapped to take a 5/16 inch #18 machine screw. Both tee and screw bear against the angle irons on the table, thus tightening the fence at any desired location across the table top. (See picture E.)

For cross- and mitre cutting, I made a mitre gauge by bolting a six inch piece of angle iron to a 10 inch strip of

iron one inch wide by 1/2-inch thick. A wing nut on top is adjusted to let the angle swing either way as desired.

This completes the saw (see picture A) except for painting, which you may do as desired. But for safety, you must observe this caution—do not run the saw above 2200 r.p.m. This is about 1/3 faster than standard electric motor speed. For power, use a 1/4-h. p. electric motor.

HANDICRAFT Plan No. 112 gives complete directions on the construction of a Six-Inch Circular Saw. Send ten cents for your copy of this plan to TOWN Handicraft Department, P. O. Box 721 Rochester, N. Y.

THE MONSTER OF THE LOCH

Continued From Page 10

The next moment a gust of wind came against the castle, shaking it. The door of the hall leading on to the terrace burst open as though some giant had flung himself against it. At the same moment all the lighted candles in the hall were flicked out. Black darkness, like a blanket, dropped upon us.

My hands gripped the chair in which I was seated. I heard the lapping of the loch water. I almost felt its cold swirl about my ankles. In terror, I half rose. It was then I heard a queer, sucking noise in the darkness, horrible and beast-like.

"Listen!" whispered the voice of Jonathan Jow.

That sucking sound reached a crescendo. In my imagination I visualized some hungry monster rising from unfathomable depths, water streaming from its slimy, scaly body. Then, above this inhuman sound, came a terrifying scream. The scream of a woman. It was sounding out there, in the black darkness where the loch water was lapping.

"A light, for God's sake," I gasped.

A FIGURE was running, scrambling, tumbling along the path. It came out of the darkness like a badly focussed figure on a cinema screen, and the next moment it was starkly revealed in the white light.

A woman.

"Jonathan!" I exclaimed, and then I was scrambling through the scrub to help her, if I could.

At that instant she collapsed with a whimper to the ground. I caught her in my arms. She wore her red hat at a ridiculous angle, and the blonde hair was strewn by the wind. The terror that was in her eyes was wiped away by a chocolate-box smile.

"Oh, Peter, how wonderful of you!" she sighed.

Jonathan Jow's flashlight never wavered. I helped her to her feet.

"What on earth are you doing here?" I demanded harshly.

She tried that dazzling smile again.

"Take me into the house, Peter, dear. I find this night air on Loch Lare rather exciting."

"Do you realize," I said angrily, "that I'm staying as the guest of the Laird of Lare Castle?"

"Of course I do, darling. That's why I came here."

"Alone?"

"Yes. None of those silly superstitious villagers would row me across although I offered them oodles of money. So I found a boat and rowed myself across."

I heard Martin Benson's voice calling from the terrace. There was a note of anxiety in it.

We climbed the steps to the terrace. Martin Benson was waiting for us. His dark eyes searched the girl's face eagerly.

"This is Jill Johnson," I said noncommittally. "Mr. Martin Benson."

"So you know each other?" queried Benson.

Jill laughed, that silly tinkle. "We know each other very well, don't we, Peter, dear?"

"She's on a newspaper, too," I explained.

There was an annoyed look in Benson's face.

"I've no desire to receive any more newspaper people," he said.

"I'm not a sensational journalist," said Jill. "I'm here to establish the truth about this monster, the whole truth and nothing—"

"You'll have to go back," insisted Benson.

She stood for a moment in silence on the terrace. I knew that she was trying hard to cry. And, sure enough, a film tear began to fall on her cheek. At the same time she gave a little shudder.

"I... I couldn't go back to-night," she whispered, "because... there's something awful in the water, there!"

NEXT WEEK:
Strange Things Happen in The Castle When the Adventurers Retire

YOUR GOOD HEALTH

SUGAR MOST READILY ASSIMILATED OF BODY FUELS

ONLY FIFTY years ago the important sugar conference held in London. It was an international affair, called to discuss business relations growing out of the conflicting interests involved in the production and traffic of sugar.

That wasn't the first time the "balance of trade" had been worried about sugar. Nor was the last of the economic conferences devoted to adjustments to be made in the exportation of the important article of trade.

One of these conferences has been to any profit, because each country wishes to protect its importation profits upon the traffic.

This is not an economic discussion, however, but the subject has long been one involving the human. Sugar provides the most immediate form of carbohydrate and the most quickly and most readily assimilated of body fuels.

Instant though limited food is some form of sugar, such as chocolate bars. Sugar satisfies appetite and restores energy, rebuilding tissues by whipping up the building process.

Marathon runners, "walkathons" contestants, those who go on long hikes or marches all choose this quick but effective nourishment. Of course, to make sugar so convenient a product requires that we use the concentrated form. However, the danger lies in the fact that, like all concentrated products, it is likely to be used in excess.

Physicians would like to advocate the use of more of the natural sugar products.

In my own commentary, you could always find a jar of old-fashioned sorghum, "long sweetened," my great grandfather called it. There is nothing like it to sweeten mince-meat, fruit cake, or ginger cookies.

Natural sweetness of fruits is one of their most valuable qualities, but we cover it up by putting several spoonfuls of real sugar on top. We might get more genuine refreshment from the consumption of fruits if we used them in the natural state

and allowed the system to utilize them quickly, because of their sugar content.

When we speak of sugar as a stimulant, we are referring to the fact that if eaten in reasonable quantities it is most quickly utilized.

Honey is another of the natural sugar sources, being made from the natural distillations of freshly blooming flowers and stored in concentrated form, with delicious flavor. It is also to be found in my family food supply the year around.

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is to make them if possible. Use plenty of material, and if you're having ruffles, make them wide and full to give an abundant, generous look. For straight hung tailored curtains, have them hang either to the sill or to the floor—never part way down. If they're going to be dry-cleaned, have running weights by-the-yard in the hems so that they will hang just so. If they're to be washed, have a stretcher that will dry them in shape to hang properly.

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Now please don't get the idea that I like flowery windows, because I don't. The fact of the business is that you can get by with murder as far as workmanship is concerned with a fancy lot of draping and swishing, while a simply hung window demands perfection. And this season the smartest windows are often those that have the simplest types of curtains.

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CIRCULAR SAW COMPLETED

By HAROLD T. BODKIN

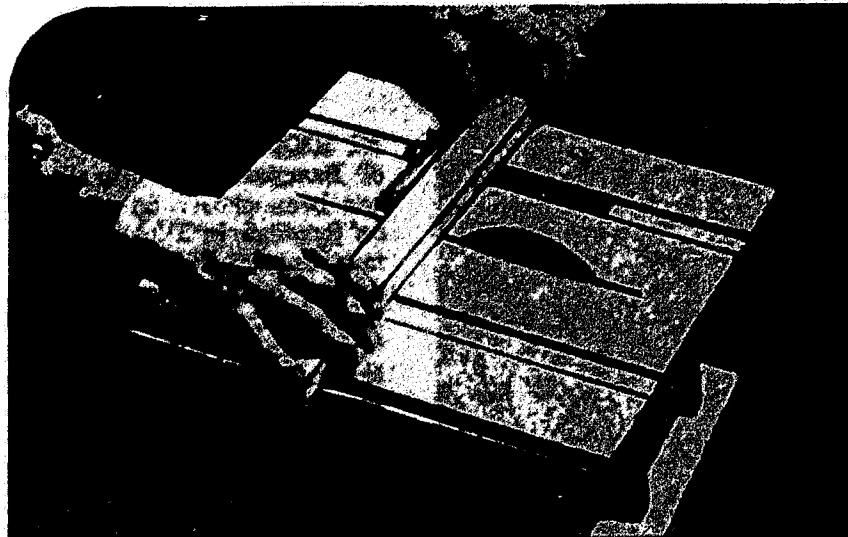
LAST WEEK we got an idea of how the wooden parts of our six-inch circular saw were made and assembled, with the recommendation that actual construction be deferred until release of Handicraft Plan No. 112, which shows these units full size, ready to trace directly on to the hard maple stock. You may order this plan now and make up the frame units so that the few metal parts can be added.

To provide for raising and lowering the saw table, I made a simple screw mechanism. Its principle can be understood by referring to picture D. Note that the twisted metal piece is screwed solidly to the two table slides and that the upper metal strap is pivoted on bolts passing through the main frames. The upper iron is tapped for the screw thread; the lower has a larger hole to permit the screw to revolve freely. An old valve wheel, pinned to the screw, serves as a handle, and double nuts are locked on the opposite side to hold the screw in given position in the lower strap. Note also that the screw is located a bit off center so that the saw can run in the center of the table.

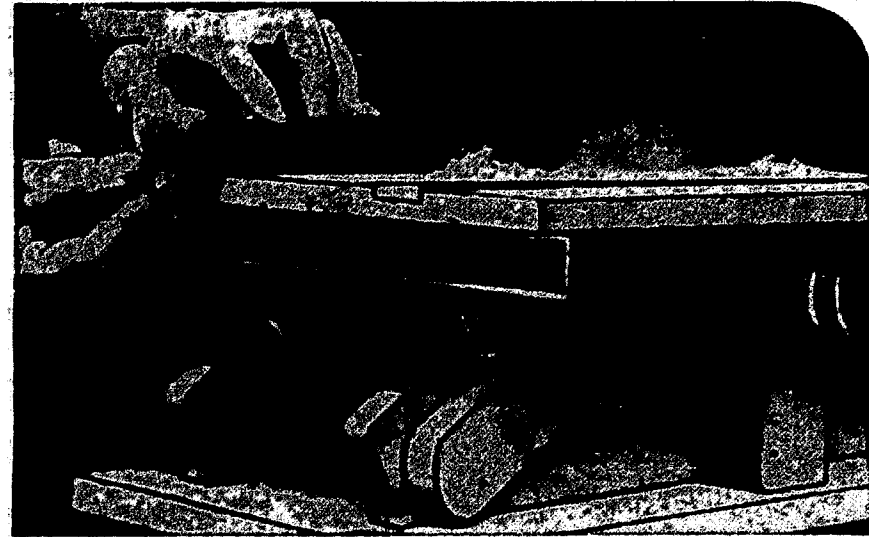
Two bearing blocks of brass or cast iron are now made to carry the saw arbor. A 6½-inch length of ½-inch diameter cold rolled steel provides the arbor. It is threaded one inch in from the saw end. The shaft collars, pulley and saw are standard hardware, obtainable at tool stores.

Mount the bearing blocks on the mounting posts (see picture C), then do a little "juggling" until the saw and table raising screw mechanism are clear of each other. Then fasten the bearings permanently in place with heavy three-inch screws driven downward into the posts.

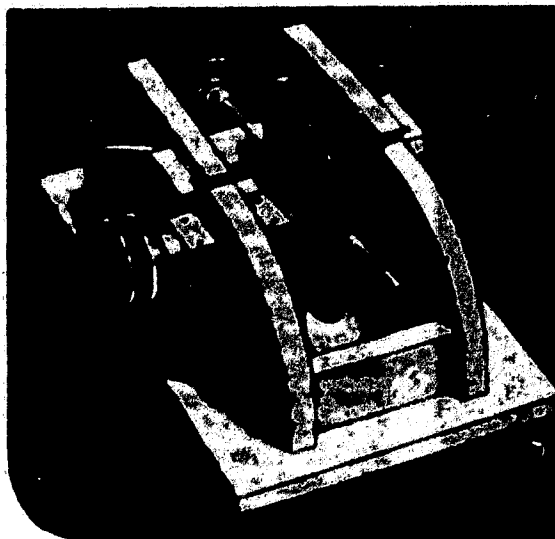
The saw table is also detailed on the plan and should give you no trouble in construction. I found it better to have a



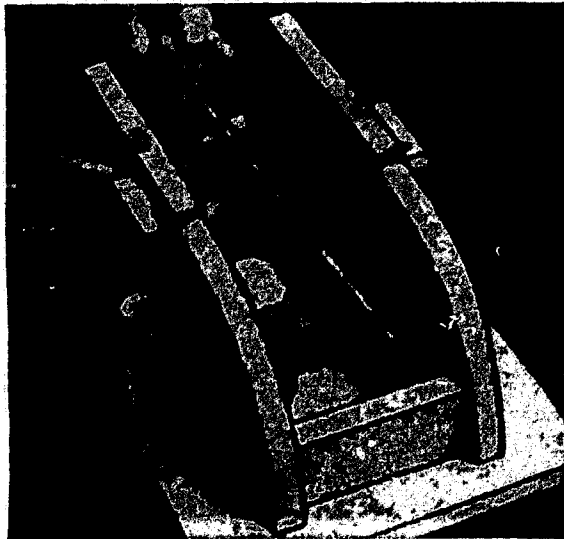
A—Cross-Cutting with the Completed Six-Inch, Motor-Driven Circular Saw



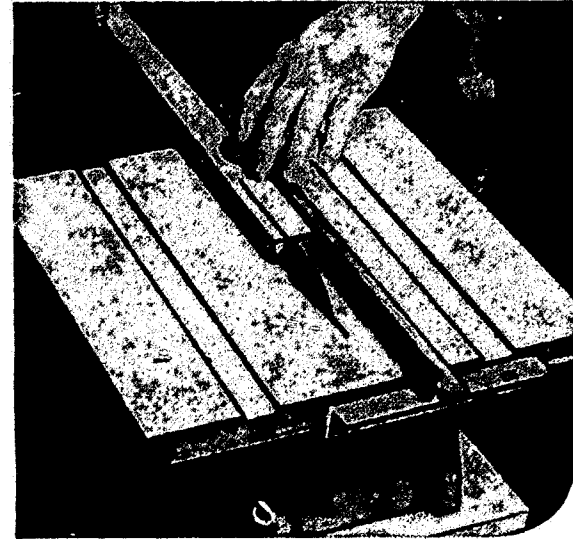
B—Setting Ripping Fence; Machine Screw turns in Tapped Hole Drilled in Angle Iron Fence



C—The Saw and Its Arbor Assembled In Place on Frame



D—Assembly of Table Raising Mechanism



E—Ripping—Note riveted End on Angle Iron Fence

friend who owns a commercial saw cut the saw slot and channels in the table top—it makes a better and more accurate job than if done by hand. Center the completed table over the saw and screw to the table slides, countering the screw heads flush with the table top.

The ripping fence is merely a length of one-inch angle iron. (See picture B.) A short tee piece is riveted at the upper end, while the lower end is bent downward, drilled and tapped to take a 5/16 inch-18 machine screw. Both tee and screw bear against the angle irons on the table, thus tightening the fence at any desired location across the table top. (See picture E.)

For cross- and mitre-cutting, I made a mitre gauge by bolting a six-inch piece of angle iron to a 10-inch strip of strip

iron one inch wide by ½-inch thick. A wing nut on top is adjusted to let the angle swing either way as desired.

This completes the saw (see picture A) except for painting, which you may do as desired. But for safety, you must observe this caution—do not run the saw above 2200 r.p.m. This is about ½ faster than standard electric motor speed. For power, use a ¼-h. p. electric motor.

HANDICRAFT Plan No. 112 gives complete directions on the construction of a Six-Inch Circular Saw. Send ten cents for your copy of this plan to TOWN, Handicraft Department, P. O. Box 721, Rochester, N. Y.

THE MONSTER OF THE LOCH

Continued From Page 10

The next moment a gust of wind came against the castle, shaking it. The door of the hall leading on to the terrace burst open as though some giant had flung himself against it. At the same moment all the lighted candles in the hall were flicked out. Black darkness, like a blanket, dropped upon us.

My hands gripped the chair in which I was seated. I heard the lapping of the loch water. I almost felt its cold swirl about my ankles. In terror, I half rose. It was then I heard a queer, sucking noise in the darkness, horrible and beast-like.

"Listen!" whispered the voice of Jonathan Jow.

That sucking sound reached a crescendo. In my imagination I visualized some hungry monster rising from unfathomable depths, water streaming from its slimy, scaly body. Then, above this inhuman sound, came a terrifying scream. The scream of a woman. It was sounding out there, in the black darkness where the loch water was lapping.

"A light, for God's sake," I gasped.

A FIGURE was running, scrambling, tumbling along the path. It came out of the darkness like a badly focussed figure on a cinema screen, and the next moment it was starkly revealed in the white light.

A woman.

"Jill Johnson!" I exclaimed, and then I was scrambling through the scrub to help her, if I could.

At that instant she collapsed with a whimper to the ground. I caught her in my arms. She wore her red hat at a ridiculous angle, and the blonde hair was strewn by the wind. The terror that was in her eyes was wiped away by a chocolate-box smile.

"Oh, Peter, how wonderful of you!" she sighed.

Jonathan Jow's flashlight never wavered. I helped her to her feet.

"What on earth are you doing here?" I demanded harshly.

She tried that dazzling smile again.

"Take me into the house, Peter, dear. I find this night air on Loch Lare rather exciting."

"Do you realize," I said angrily, "that I'm staying as the guest of the Laird of Lare Castle?"

"Of course I do, darling. That's why I came here."

"Alone?"

"Yes. None of those silly superstitious villagers would row me across although I offered them oodles of money. So I found a boat and rowed myself across."

I heard Martin Benson's voice calling from the terrace. There was a note of anxiety in it.

We climbed the steps to the terrace. Martin Benson was waiting for us. His dark eyes searched the girl's face eagerly.

"This is Jill Johnson," I said noncommittally. "Mr. Martin Benson."

"So you know each other?" queried Benson.

Jill laughed, that silly tinkle. "We know each other very well, don't we, Peter, dear?"

"She's on a newspaper, too," I explained.

There was an annoyed look in Benson's face.

"I've no desire to receive any more newspaper people," he said.

"I'm not a sensational journalist," said Jill. "I'm here to establish the truth about this monster, the whole truth and nothing—"

"You'll have to go back," insisted Benson.

She stood for a moment in silence on the terrace. I knew that she was trying hard to cry. And, sure enough, a film tear began to fall on her cheek. At the same time she gave a little shudder.

"I... I couldn't go back to-night," she whispered, "because... there's something awful in the water, there!"

NEXT WEEK:
Strange Things Happen in The Castle When the Adventurers Retire

YOUR GOOD HEALTH

SUGAR MOST READILY ASSIMILATED OF BODY FUELS

NEARLY FIFTY years ago the most important sugar conference was held in London. It was an international affair, called to discuss business relations growing out of the conflicting interests involved in the production and traffic of sugar.

That wasn't the first time the "balance of trade" had been concerned about sugar. Nor was the last of the economic conferences devoted to adjustments to be made in the exportation of this important article of trade. One of these conferences has come to any profit, because each country wishes to protect its own importation profits upon the traffic.

This is not an economic discussion, however, but the subject has long been one involving the physician. Sugar provides the most immediate form of carbohydrate and the most quickly and most readily assimilated of body fuels.

One need only take note of the food carried by athletes, explorers, adventurers of all kinds, including those venturesome souls who "hop" the Atlantic in such breathtaking time. The staple depended upon to provide

instant though limited food is some form of sugar, such as chocolate bars. Sugar satisfies appetite and restores energy, rebuilding tissues by whipping up the building processes.

Marathon runners, "walkathon" contestants, those who go on long hikes or marches—all choose this quick but effective nourishment. Of course, to make sugar so convenient a product requires that we use the concentrated form. However, the danger lies in the fact that, like all concentrated products, it is likely to be used in excess.

Physicians would like to advocate the use of more of the natural sugar products.

In my own commissary, you could always find a jar of old-fashioned sorghum, "long-sweet-enin," my great-grandfather called it. There is nothing like it to sweeten mince meat, fruit cake, or ginger cookies.

Natural sweetness of fruits is one of their most valuable qualities, but we cover it up by putting several spoonfuls of real sugar on top. We might get more genuine refreshment from the consumption of fruits if we used them in the natural state

by G. N. CHRISMAN, M. D.

and allowed the system to utilize them quickly, because of their sugar content.

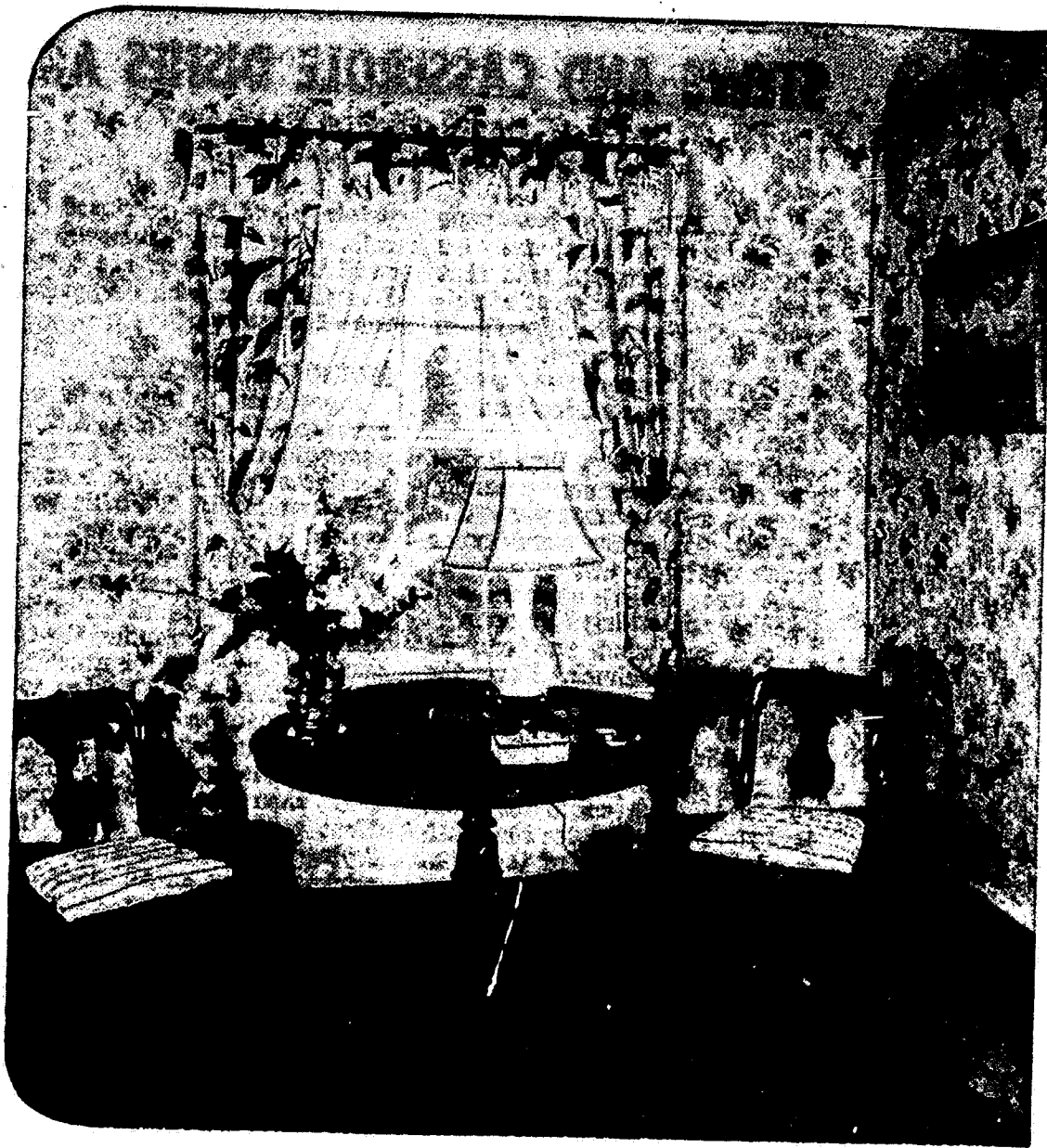
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Remember this first rule for curtains: It's better to have inexpensive material made beautifully than it is to have expensive material poorly made up.

Another thing is this—you'll do a lot better by yourself to make your curtains up specially for your window rather than to use the ready-mades. Not but what ready-made curtains don't do well enough in certain places, but even there, custom-made curtains would be a lot nicer. For fullness and proper length, for finish and real style, my advice

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The Breeder Tulips are especially interesting because of the subtle blending of their colors—bronze, mauve, brown, purple, red.

More graceful than any, the Cottage Tulips have flowers of really exquisite shape. The yellow Cottage Tulip is very unusual.

The Darwin tulips are the

most familiar. They are a truly sturdy group. Their flowers are somewhat rectangular in shape, and they offer a nice variety of color—purple, lavender, pink, white, crimson, lilac.

Do not wait too long to order your bulbs, even if you intend to plant at the end of the month. Remember that much of your success depends on a wise selection. So let a dealer advise you as to the best bulbs to buy.

Tulips grow well in both sandy and clay soils, but should not be planted in a baky clay or in a sandy soil that is too light. Be sure to add bonemeal or well-rotted cow manure to the soil.

The bulbs are set between 4 and 5 inches deep, according to their size, and about 6 inches apart. Press the soil firmly around them so that they will remain in position. They should have a sunny location where drainage and moisture are adequate.

After the ground has frozen, apply a light mulch of straw, leaves, or hay.

Tulips are most attractive when arranged in irregular groups of from ten to thirty flowers, although many people prefer them in formal beds.

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BAKED FROSTING

Baked lemon-meringue frosting adds delightful flavor to a loaf cake. Blend $\frac{1}{3}$ cups sweetened condensed milk with 2 tablespoons lemon juice, stirring until mixture thickens. Fold in 1 stiffly beaten egg white. Spread generously on top and sides of baked loaf cake. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for 10 minutes. If you like to use the frosting on cup cakes, this makes enough for 2 dozen.

RICH FROSTINGS BAKED ON NOVEL ALL-IN-ONE CAKES

by

JUDITH WILSON

A NEW CAKE or a new frosting is an event in homes where there are several cake lovers. The newest trick is to bake your frosting on your cake instead of spreading it over the finished cake. This saves time and will give your family a treat, for the baked frostings have a chewy quality that is truly delightful.

Here are some recipes for all-in-one cakes, and also some for fillings and frostings to be prepared separately. Take your choice.

PETER and SUE

Continued From Page 4

"Where does the noise come from? Is the rubber head hollow?" asked Susan.

"No, but the handle is. That part is the rattle. She likes that, her teddy, and the rocky toys; see them over there in the corner?"

Elizabeth seemed to understand what her sister was saying, for she giggled across the play pen and grabbed hold of a wooden kitten that was on a round wooden base which rocked and rolled but always came up straight again. She squealed with delight.

"What wonderful playthings there are for babies today!" Mrs. Stewart remarked. "It seems to me they get better every year."

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Moore. "Now that paints are always harmless it doesn't matter how much they try to chew toys. And playthings are made with the thought in mind of developing muscles, too; eye muscles, leg muscles, arm muscles."

"I know about muscles," said Susan eagerly. "Daddy told us all about them; remember, Momie?"

TOASTED SPICE CAKE

Ingredients: $\frac{1}{4}$ cup shortening, 2 cups brown sugar, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon soda, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups sour milk, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, 1 teaspoon each baking powder, cloves, and cinnamon, $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Blend the shortening, sugar and egg yolks by beating vigorously. Dissolve the soda in the sour milk and add to the first mixture alternately with the dry ingredients, which have been sifted together. Add the vanilla, and pour into a shallow, greased pan (about 8 by 12 inches).

Beat the egg whites until they will hold their shape. Slowly add 1 cup sifted light brown sugar, and continue beating until smooth. Spread over cake batter, and sprinkle with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nut meats. Bake in a moderate oven about 50 minutes.

Cool, and cut into squares.

MAGIC MERINGUE CAKE

Ingredients: $\frac{1}{4}$ cup shortening, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 2 egg yolks, 1 teaspoon baking powder, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla, shredded coconut.

Cream the shortening and sugar and beat in the egg yolks. Mix and sift together the dry ingredients and add to the first mixture alternately with the milk and vanilla. Pour into a greased pan and sprinkle liberally with coconut.

Then prepare the following meringue: 2 egg whites, 2 tablespoons sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup currant jelly.

Beat the egg whites until they are stiff. Add the sugar gradually, beating constantly. Mash the jelly with a fork, and beat into the egg mixture. Spread over the cake batter, and bake in a moderate oven for about 40 minutes.

NOVEL FROSTING

Ingredients: 2 squares unsweetened chocolate, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups sweetened condensed milk, 1 tablespoon orange juice, 1 tablespoon grated orange rind.

Melt the chocolate in the top of a double boiler, add the sweetened condensed milk, and stir over boiling water 5 minutes, or until the mixture is thick and smooth. Add orange juice and rind, and blend. Cool and spread on the cake.

STEWs AND CASSEROLE DISHES ARE REAL BUDGET-SAVERS

NO MATTER how low your food budget, try to balance your meat course between cuts that must be carved and meat combinations that can be dipped—in other words, between roasts, chops and inexpensive steaks and casserole combinations or stews.

When marketing, buy larger cuts of meat whenever possible; there is real economy in this method. An entire shoulder or chuck of lamb will provide at least two hearty dinners and possibly something left over.

Let's see what you can do with a lamb chuck. Have the butcher cut five (or the required number) of 1-inch thick chops for broiling, the first day. Have the rest of the meat boned and cut in $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch cubes for stew. Boil the bones and use the broth to enrich the gravy of the stew. If there is more lamb than you will want for stew, have some of the meat chopped, season it well and wrap the patties in bacon strips. Broil for the children's lunch.

LAMB STEW

Ingredients: 2 pounds boned lamb cut in $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch cubes, 4 tablespoons butter, 3 sliced onions or 12 tiny whole ones, 4 cups lamb stock (made from bones), bay leaf, parsley, celery, thyme, 4 medium potatoes cubed, 4 carrots cut in quarters.

Remove as much of the fat as possible from the cubes of lamb. Roll in flour that is well seasoned with salt and pepper and brown in a dutch oven or frying pan in the melted butter. Push the meat to one side and saute the onions until they are a delicate brown. A tiny clove of garlic may be added with the onion if you wish. Pour in the meat stock and add the bay leaf, a sprig of minced parsley, a chopped carrot stalk and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon thyme. Simmer gently for 1 hour or until the meat is almost tender. Add the diced

potatoes and the quartered carrots. Cover and simmer again until the vegetables are tender. Dumplings may be dropped on top of the stew.

MOCK DRUMSTICKS

Ingredients: 2 pounds veal round-cut $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, 1 tablespoon minced onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon poultry seasoning, 2 soda crackers crumbled, 2 tablespoons melted butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

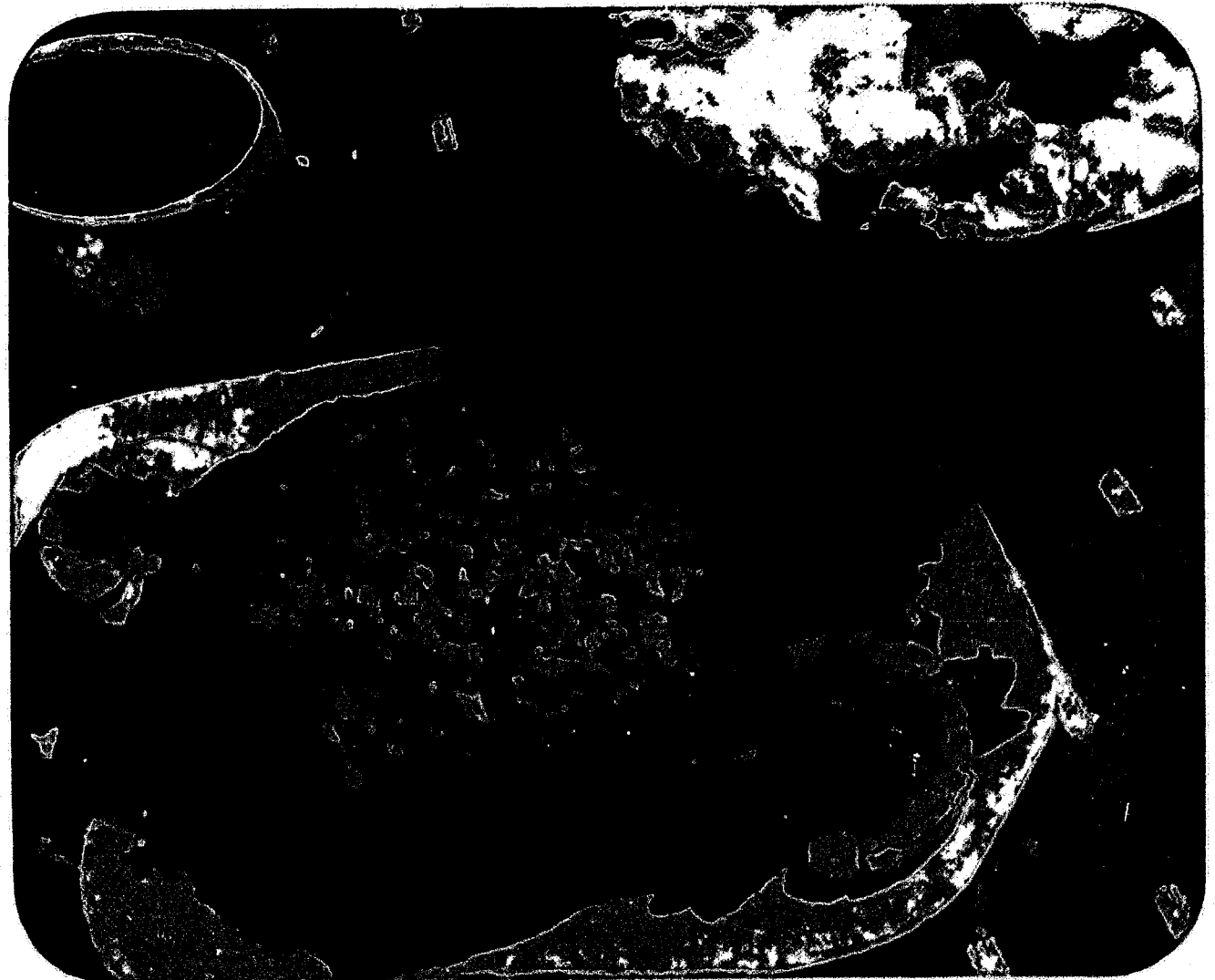
Cut the veal steak in triangles 4 inches long. Season well with salt and pepper and fill with a stuffing made by mixing the seasonings, crackers, butter and the milk. Roll and fasten with skewers to resemble turkey legs. Crumble 3 crackers fine. Dip the mock drumstick first in milk, then into the fine crumbs. Heat butter or bacon fat in a frying pan and brown the drumsticks quickly on all sides. Add 1 cup boiling water, cover and simmer 40 minutes.

HAMBURGS WITH SAUCE

Everyday hamburger takes on a rich foreign flavor when prepared with a sauce of thick or sour cream. Here is how you make it:

Ingredients: $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds lean chopped steak, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 large onion sliced, salt, pepper, sour cream, butter.

Mix the meat and seasonings well, and shape into flat cakes. Brown quickly on both sides in butter over a hot fire. The sides should be rich brown and crusty, but the centers pink and juicy. Arrange on a hot platter. Separate the onion into rings and brown in the pan in which the cakes were fried; add 3 tablespoons boiling water, salt and pepper to season, and simmer until the onions are tender. Pour in 1 cup heavy sour cream (sweet may be used if you prefer), boil hard for a few minutes, pour the sauce over the meat cakes and serve at once.



VEGETABLE PUDDING

To make this vegetable pudding, combine $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups diced, cooked potatoes, 2 cups diced, cooked carrots, 4 tablespoons chopped green pepper, and 4 tablespoons chopped onion. Chop together. Add 1 cup bread crumbs, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup beef stock, 1 beaten egg, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup molasses, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper. Mix thoroughly. Turn into oiled loaf pan, and bake in hot oven (400 F.) for 1 hour. Garnish with egg slices.

NEW

TO SAVE taking note and those here's a so you to go l you again color and s is chic and dressed w to show y Mainbo

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NEW SEASON'S LEADING COLORS LISTED BY STYLIST

TO SAVE YOU the trouble of taking notes on the new colors and those who sponsor them, here's a sort of work sheet for you to go by. I need not remind you again that Paris sponsors color and says that, while black is chic and beloved by well-dressed women, this is a year to show your colors.

Mainbocher introduces the fol-

by
ELEANOR GUNN

lowing delicate shades: Cherub Pinks, which have a mauve cast; Dream Mauves, with a pinky tone; Party Red, which includes cerise to American Beauty to Jacqueminot rose; and im-

modest Violet, a frank violet. Molyneux likes three different reds—a deep rose called Florentine, close to Borgia crimson; Guardsman Red, and a pink and pale gray called Bris de Paris. This house also favors black with purple, which is called Royal. This Royal purple is introduced in hats and gloves worn with black costumes. Cornflower blue, called Picasso, and kelly green, called Radio Green, are also liked by Molyneux. Schiaparelli carries on her Shocking Pinks in new ranges that are softer, and calls them Cameo Pinks. There is a dark eggplant purple called Aero-static, and dark purplish blues called Sooty. Soft greens answer to Salt Water, and there are hard blues in vivid turquoise, and also vivid chartreuse and canary that are often combined.

Mainbocher likes the violet to mauve cast, also reds and pinks with violet and yellow. This house launches Angel colors, which are pastels with mauve cast.

Generally speaking, blue is a spring, not an autumn, favorite. But this is an exceptional autumn, and so blue is included in the list of the season's fashionable colors.

TOWN PATTERNS



1896



9799



3907

Pattern 1896, DA VINCI'S "LAST SUPPER." A well beloved masterpiece translated into simple stitchery for fascinating gifts. Pattern contains a transfer of picture 14 by 19 inches, color chart and key, list of material requirements, and illustrations of all stitches used. Price 10 cents.

Pattern 9799, SWEET DOLL WARDROBE for little girls who enjoy dressing and undressing their "Dy-Dee" babies. Five garments in all! Designed for 10, 12, 14, 16 and 20-inch dolls. Patterns have individual yardage requirements. Price 15 cents.

Pattern 3907, CHIC APRON TWOSOME from one pattern makes holiday hostessing more fun. Designed for sizes small, medium and large. Small size apron B requires 2 1/4 yards 36-inch fabric; apron A, 1 1/4 yards. Price 15 cents.

Pattern 9857, THREE PIECE BOLERO DRESS for the smart younger generation. It is cute and serviceable in many fabrics. Designed for sizes 4 to 12. Size 8, jumper and bolero, requires 1 1/2 yards 54-inch fabric; blouse, 1/4 yard 36-inch fabric. Price 15 cents.

IT'S ECONOMICAL, it's simple, it's fun to sew your way to Christmas this year. Send for a copy of our Fall and Winter Pattern Book and simplify the task. Social events are in the offing; children need new clothes for school, college and coming-home parties; gift lists cry out for attention. Our book offers a collection of patterns that will prove a great aid to you. It presents a galaxy of fashion stars, fully illustrating the latest trends in everything from street, afternoon and evening wear to sports togs, slenderizing modes, house frocks and lingerie. Finish your Christmas sewing early and face the holiday season with a mind at ease. The price of this book is 15 cents; book and a pattern together, 25 cents.

ADDRESS orders to TOWN, Pattern Department, P. O. Box 721, Rochester, N. Y. Be sure to include pattern size and number.



IN AUTUMN TONES

Warm autumn tones blend harmoniously in this woolen sports coat, with diagonal stripes in soft shades of green, blue and orange. The dress is a dark, woody green.

BEAUTY SHORT CUTS OFFERED FOR BUSY WOMEN

by
JACQUELINE HUNT

times like this. Use only a little. Apply a powder lotion over your back, arms and shoulders if these are exposed by your evening gown.

Blend cream rouge into the foundation on your face. Let the natural color in your cheeks guide you. Take up a lot of powder on a clean puff or cotton, press it over your face and neck, and dust some of it lightly over the arms and over the back.

Use a clean mascara brush to remove any stray flakes from your lashes. Apply fresh mascara and eye shadow, but remember that this requires time and a steady hand. If you must hurry, use one of the brown

creamy "eyelash and eyebrow growers." Touch the mascara brush into the cream and brush the ends of the lashes. You needn't worry if you get a smudge on your eyelids. You just take up a speck more of the cream and smooth it across the lids. This whole process takes, but a few seconds.

Lipstick is another job that takes a steady hand and plenty of time—but there are no shortcuts. Apply a rather heavy first coat. Carry the color well inside the mouth. Wait a minute; then place a tissue between the lips to remove excess color. Now toss your hair for a minute. Spray with a speck of brillantine or hair fragrance, smooth the waves, and brush the curls over your finger. Slip into your frock, apply your perfume, and you are ready for the all-important "big date."

New! A Solid Perfume!

Easy to carry in your purse; can't leak; can't evaporate.

'Coloroma'

by Fless

Manufacturers of Perfumes and Cosmetics
For Stars of Stage and Screen Since 1882

Moderns are quick to love this solid perfume... its wonderful fragrances... its lovely lasting quality. Coloroma applied to the ear lobes distills its fragrance into the air for many hours.

Six gorgeous fragrances!

- ☐ ZIARA, reminiscent of Persian gardens.
- ☐ MAYDA, carries the mystery of India.
- ☐ LAGOON, deep as a South Seas night.

- ☐ LILAC-LORE, like a breath of Spring.
- ☐ GARDENIA, romance of the tropics.
- ☐ CARNATION - CRI, spices of the Orient.

Order From Your Druggist or Direct From
HESS, 140 Edinburgh Street, Rochester, New York

Please send me, postpaid, the fragrances checked above. Enclosed is remittance, \$1 for each fragrance checked.

Name

Address

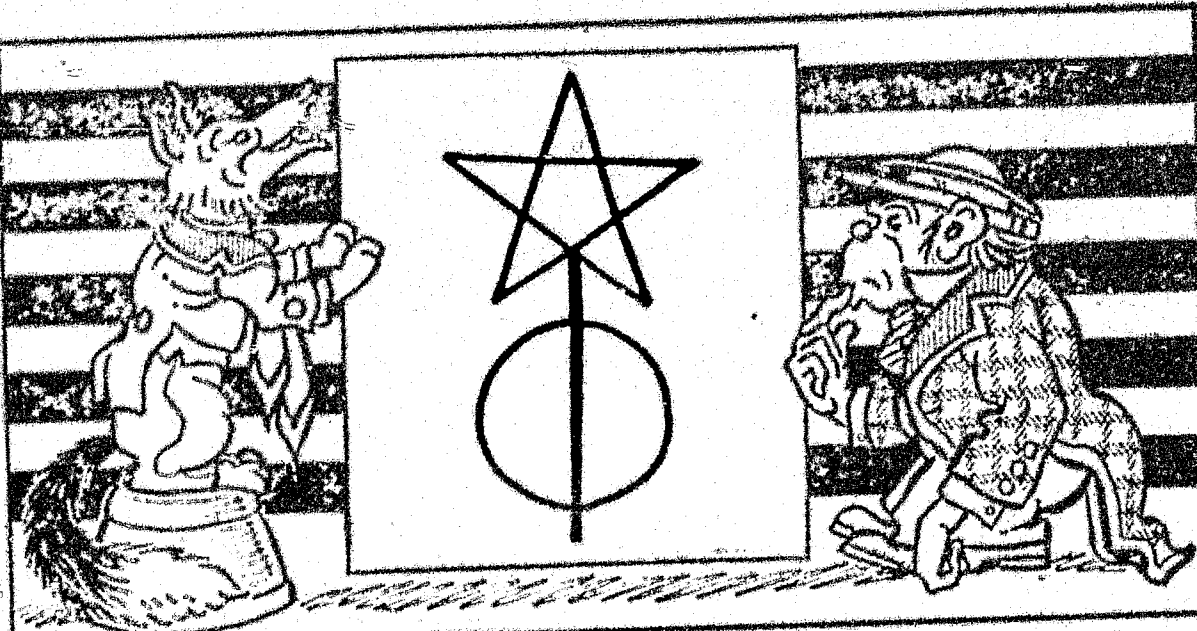
\$1 each

in your choice of fragrance, in gift box

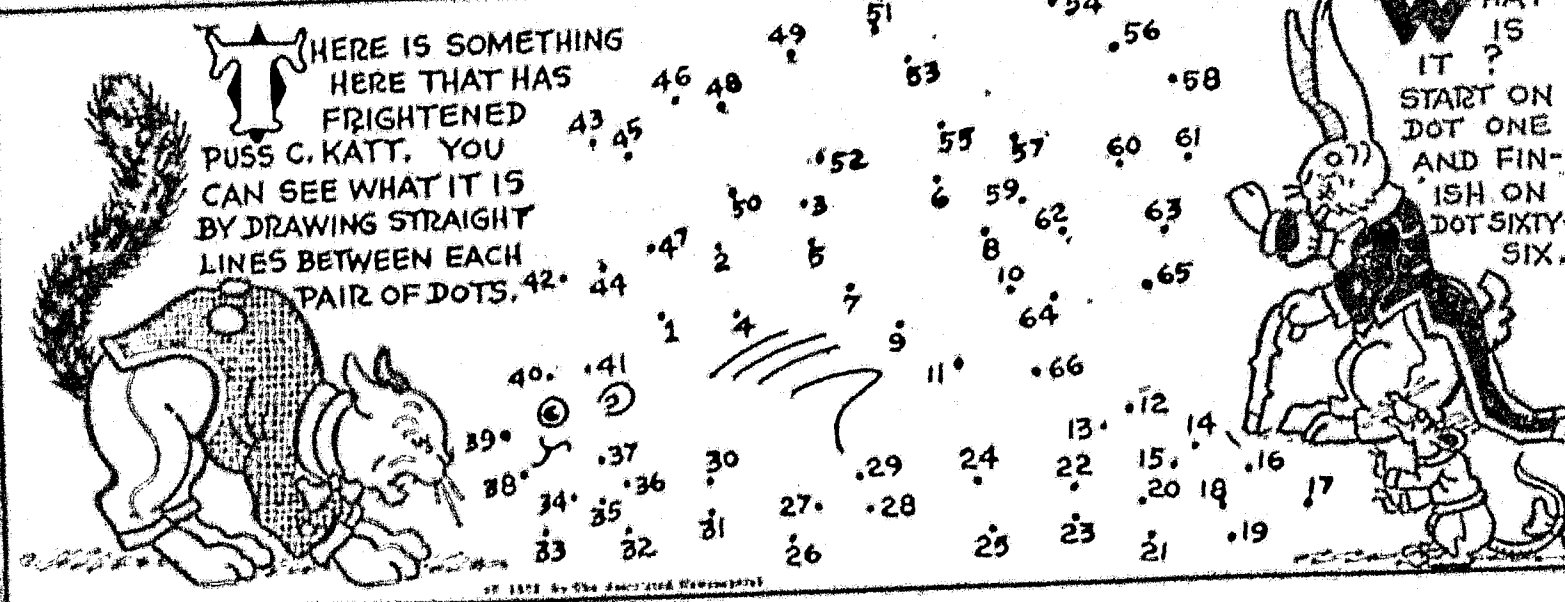
CAN YOU SOLVE THESE?

WILLIE FOX CAN MAKE THE STAR DESIGN, SHOWN IN THE CENTER, BY DRAWING ONE CONTINUOUS LINE AND WITHOUT CROSSING OR RE-TRACING IT.

JIM PANZEE CAN'T DO IT. CAN YOU? DRAW IT FREE-HAND.



THERE IS SOMETHING HERE THAT HAS FRIGHTENED PUSS C. KATT. YOU CAN SEE WHAT IT IS BY DRAWING STRAIGHT LINES BETWEEN EACH PAIR OF DOTS.

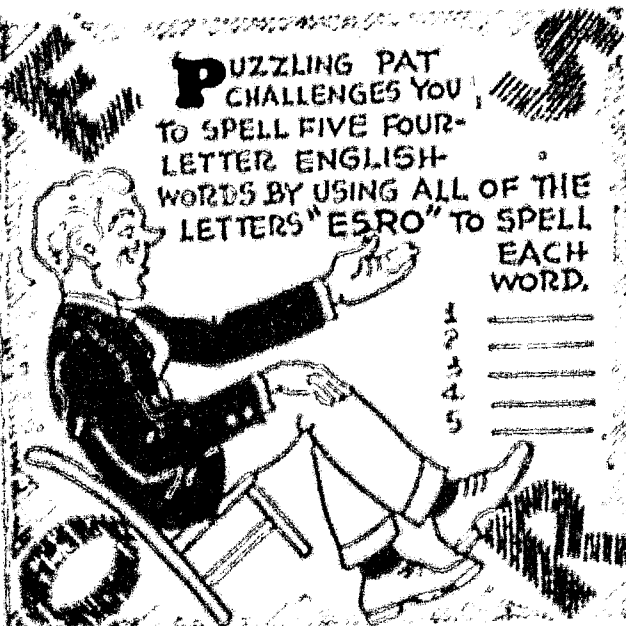


WHAT IS IT? START ON DOT ONE AND FINISH ON DOT SIXTY-SIX.

EGIRNS



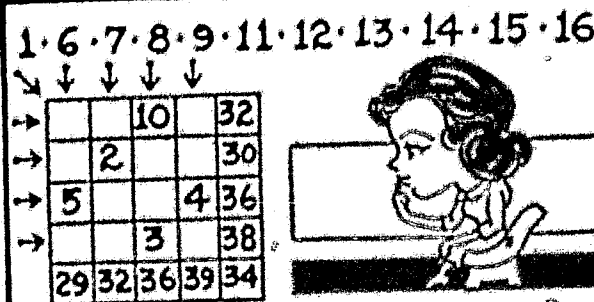
START WITH ONE LETTER SHOWN ABOVE THAT WILL BE A ONE-LETTER WORD. THEN ADD ANOTHER ONE OF THE GIVEN LETTERS TO FORM A TWO-LETTER WORD. CONTINUE ADDING ONE LETTER AT A TIME TO FORM SIX WORDS, ONE AFTER EACH ADDED LETTER.



QUICK!! GET ME OUT OF HERE! MY CRANKY WIFE IS COMING!

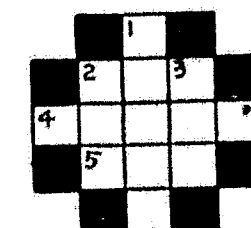


TURN HIS HEAD UPSIDE DOWN.



TRY TO WRITE THE ELEVEN NUMBERS, AT THE TOP, ONE IN EACH EMPTY SQUARE. HERE'S THE CATCH - THE COMBINED NUMBERS IN EACH ROW MUST ADD TO THE EXACT AMOUNT SHOWN AT THE END OF EACH OF THE NINE ROWS INDICATED BY THE ARROWS.

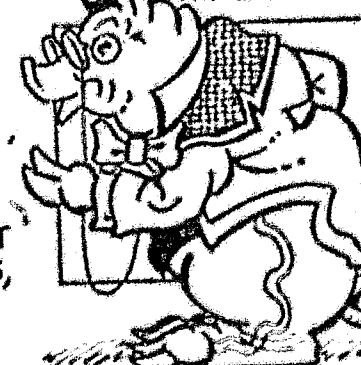
A. W. NUGENT



A JUNIOR CROSS-WORD ACROSS

2, PAST TENSE OF GET, 4, COUPLES; 5, UNDERHAND.

DOWN
1, LABORS; 2, AIR-LIKE FLUID USED TO GIVE LIGHT AND HEAT; 3, ENDEAVOR.



GDOHETACRN

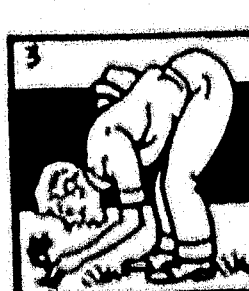


THE NAMES OF THE FIFTEEN OBJECTS PICTURED HERE CAN BE SPELLED BY USING ONLY THE GIVEN LETTERS SHOWN ABOVE. CAN YOU DO IT?

WHAT PARTS OF A HOUSE DO THESE PICTURES REPRESENT?



DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT.



SOLUTIONS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES:

HOW TO READ THE TWO DRAWINGS: NO. 1, SPOON; NO. 2, PITCHED (PICTURE).

HERE ARE SIX OBJECTS IN THE PICTURE THAT BEGIN WITH THE LETTER "E": EAR, ELASTIC, ELBOW, EYE, EYEBROW AND EYELASH.

PENNSYLVANIA PUZZLE ANSWER: 1, INN; 2, NAP; 3, LAY; 4, PEN; 5, PAN; 6, PAY; 7, APE; 8, SIN; 9, VAN; 10, LEA.

DICK SHAW PUZZLE SOLUTION: AWL AND ALL; SEE AND SEA; TWO AND TOO; ARE THE MISSING WORDS.

ONE HIDDEN HORSE IS DIRECTLY IN BACK OF THE GOAT. THE OTHER HORSE IS UPSIDE DOWN BETWEEN THE DOG AND THE DUCK.

FARMYARD CLOCK-GOLF ANSWER: HOW WE SPELLED EIGHT ANIMALS - COW, CAW, CAT, RAT, RAN, RAG, BAG, BIG, PIG, PIN, PEN, HEN, HEW, SEW, SOW, HOW, HOG, DOG, COG, COT.

WORD SQUARE SOLUTION: ➡➡

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